HUMAN RIGHTS IN INDONESIA **ARNOLD S. KOHEN**

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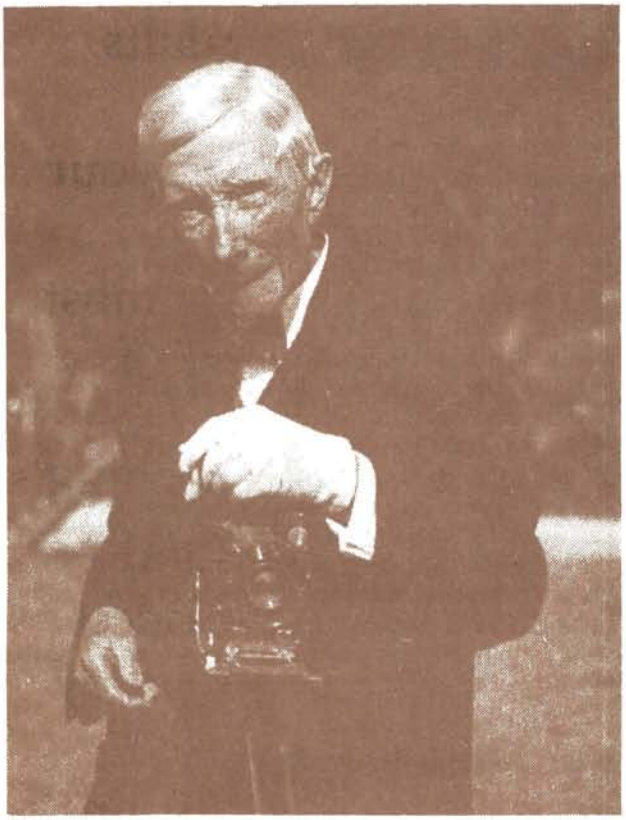

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WHY TEENAGERS GET PREGNANT
Michael Castleman

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BOMBS FLOATING IN OUR HARBORS
Harold Rubin

MAKING THE CASE FOR SHYLOCK
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EDITORIALS

What National Security?

Lurking just behind the case of the chief of the CIA who lied to the Senate are a number involving its sister agency, the FBI. In these cases it will be harder to make the excuse that the poking and prying, tapping, steaming, and breaking and entering indulged in by the domestic "intelligence" boys had any connection with the so-called national security. It is always easier for the cloak-and-dagger set to claim that license when they fiddle with countries abroad than when they employ the same black arts at home.

President Carter seems to have stripped Richard Helms of the "badge of honor" which he and his lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, had vaingloriously affixed to his breast outside the court that had just sentenced him (very lightly) for the "misdemeanor" of lying to the Senate about the dirty work in Chile. Carter put it plainly at his November 10th press conference when he said, "No, it is not a badge of honor and a public official does not have a right to lie."

We are told that the ends of justice have been served by the Helms arrangement because this first prosecution of a high intelligence official proves, according to Benjamin Civiletti, head of the Criminal Division of the Justice Department, that "nobody is free from prosecution." The handling of the FBI cases, both criminal and civil, will be the proof of that particular pudding.

In our often stated opinion, the risks to national security, seriously defined, of full disclosure in the Helms-Chile matter were nonexistent. It would have been a positive good to have had the deliberations of Henry Kissinger's Forty Committee aired and its sinister but finally amateurish nature set forth for all to see. If a few covers were blown in the Latin American espionage network, so much the better—it would be that much harder to start up the dirty business again. In the cases involving the FBI's Weather Underground and Socialist Worker Party operations, it was always outrageous to play the national security card.

"The risks to national security in this case were ephemeral." That was Civiletti talking about the indictment of former New York City FBI supervisor John J. Kearney for directing wiretap and mail-opening operations against radical fugitives. However flimsy the connection may seem to the government's chief criminal prosecutor, ephemerality has never deterred Edward Bennett Williams from sniffing out a lead that may save a client. As Kearney's lawyer, Williams seems to be trying to link the Weather world to Cuba and other foreign lands in order to make that vital connection with national security which might make possible, if not justify, a reduced plea on the Helmsian model.

In the striking phrase of the *Washington Post* reporter Charles R. Babcock, Williams "has been using pre-trial discovery as a sort of legal terror weapon" in the Kearney case. The threat to strike "terror" in the hearts of the people who run this country's system of justice would, of course, be the promise to reveal how many forerunners there were to Kearney's operation, a maneuver of dubious legal relevance to the matter at hand. A delicate way to describe Williams's use of this discovery "weapon" would be to call it pressure. "Blackmail" might do better. The shocking thing is that the U.S. Government has become so vulnerable to blackmail of this sort. Only discreditable acts provide the basis for blackmail.

Before the Department of Justice decides to "abort" the FBI case (Attorney General Bell's comment about the possibility of having to drop a prosecution in case national secrets would have to be revealed in court) or to find "any appropriate, sound disposition" of it (Civiletti on the Kearney case)—and we are not saying that they will be that timid—let us take some comfort from a recent study on the extent of domestic spying. The General Accounting Office in its latest report on the FBI says that the agency has cut the number of agents engaged in domestic intelligence from 788 in 1975 to 143 in July of this year. And the 157 organizations under surveillance in Nixon's last year, 1974, have shrunk to seventeen. As for individuals being watched by the G-men, they have dropped from "an undeterminable number" to 130.

This falloff in FBI "productivity" is worth hailing, though it may still seem excessive to some of us. The bureau's many admirers in Congress may be further depressed to note that in two years—mid-1975 to mid-1977—the number of its pending cases fell from 9,814 to 642. We leave the last word on this matter to the vigilant Rep. Don Edwards (D., Calif.), chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, at the hearing on the GAO report: "Is it appropriate to keep thousands of Americans under surveillance, [involving] everything they do, interviewing their employers, just because two or three people say they're going to stage a demonstration?"

The Mind Bogglers

Speaking of the spy trade, one of the most absurd of its manifestations has been for years the microwave radiation of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow by the Soviet intelligencers. No doubt we do the same sort of thing to them, but one somehow hears less about it. This electronic cooking of our establishment near the Kremlin has been in the news lately because the Russians have apparently been applying sporadic bursts of intense radiation. Some spooks of our own think that the Soviet Helmses are either trying to activate balky listening devices planted there earlier or else to interfere with our eavesdropping equipment.

The espionage world doesn't mind having its nonsensical ways exposed for all the world to see. It has a vested interest in the notion that secrets, dark or light, really exist and the comedy of the microwaves may even serve as an advertisement for the industriousness of the snoopers. After all, the public never gets to know what if anything this second-rate 007 game produces. After years of microwaving, scientists know that sustained radiation can cause depression and absent-mindedness. Perhaps that is all the Russians are after—not intelligence but just to shove our diplomats down into the dumps. And maybe, tit for tat, we have theirs mooning in Washington. It isn't work for adults.

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Gallic Mischief

Old nationalisms survive and prosper even as new ones struggle to be born. An example of this, a purely mischievous one, was on display in France recently during the visit there of Quebec's Prime Minister René Lévesque. French officialdom has fawned on Lévesque as if he were the head of a major power instead of a provincial leader of a Canadian province with ambitions for independence. It has been a grimly hilarious performance, full of a kind of comedy Molière would have savored. For instance, President Giscard d'Estaing sarcastically criticized de Gaulle when, ten years ago, that specialist in French glory nostalgically recalled uttered the phrase *"Vive le Québec libre!"* on a visit to that province of Canada.

But now, facing elections in which good old nationalism may be the only tie that binds, Giscard could not do enough to show how strongly the French "civilizing mission" still applied to Quebec. Lévesque was ushered up ceremonial stairways unused since the reign of Louis XVIII; he was decorated with medals, toasted, fawned on and flattered within an inch of his Francophone life. The Canadian Government, meanwhile, writhed over all these diplomatic discourtesies masquerading as niceties.

Basques, Bretons and Corsicans may be threatening separation from the French center in Paris, but the response of the authorities there is to become the official sponsor of the separation of Quebec from Canada. For the heirs of de Gaulle the horrid specter should be that an independent Quebec would inevitably tilt toward Washington, but they choose to forget that in moments of passionate nostalgia. They have a harder time looking the other way when Canada's Prime Minister Trudeau proclaims his aim to found a political union of French-speaking countries, mainly African, which he has had the temerity to propose without so much as a by-your-leave from their former mother country. That backfire against Quebec's separatism and France's mischief-making may not work, but it is an interesting political maneuver as Canada's restive province heads toward the independence referendum which Lévesque has promised.

As usual, the magisterial de Gaulle had nearly the last word on this charade. Having predicted in 1963 that "French Canada will necessarily become a state," de Gaulle three years later wrote on the margin of a request from his ambassador to Ottawa for a statement congratulating Canada on its centenary these contemptuous words: "We have no reason to congratulate either the Canadians or ourselves for the creation of a 'state' founded upon our defeat and the integration of a part of the French people in a British ensemble. Besides, that ensemble has become very fragile."

The "defeat" de Gaulle had in mind, of course, was the one suffered in 1759 on the Plains of Abraham by the French troops under General Montcalm. If Giscard has really switched his view to this nostalgic claptrap, he should put his territory where his mouth is and cede the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, territories of France off the Newfoundland coast, to sovereign Quebec. That would show that France's sudden interest in the fate of Quebec was more than nationalistic posturing for electoral purposes.

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Vulcan Was a Piker

President Carter is in trouble again over promises and commitments which his subsequent behavior has made hollow. This time, however, the potential damage is not just to his reputation but to the prospects for peace in the world.

On Armistice Day, by grim coincidence, the Defense Department announced that our arms sales abroad for fiscal 1977 amounted not to the $9.9 billion the President had formally told Congress was the sum of this ugly trade but to $11.3 billion. The error is a mere $1.4 billion.

Before attempting to penetrate the mysteries of this miscalculation, and to sort out the truth from the obfuscations, we recall the words of candidate Carter in June 1976. Speaking to the Foreign Policy Association, he declared that the United States could not be "both the world's leading champion of peace and the world's leading supplier of the weapons of war." He then promised to "reduce the commerce in weapons."

This country's arms-for-sale business has risen spectacularly since the 1950s and 1960s, when it averaged three-quarters of a billion dollars a year, as Michael T. Klare set forth in an article in *The Nation* this autumn ("How We Practice 'Arms Restraint,'" September 24). In the mid-1970s it had reached an amazing average of about $9 billion, and when Carter took office some $32 billion of arms sales made during the Nixon-Ford years were in that ominous pipeline. This hangover from a discredited past complicates Carter's task of living up to his pledge, but it provides no blanket excuse for failing to do so.

The President may briefly have considered canceling some of those contracts (after all, he presumed to pressure France and West Germany to annul their sales of nuclear reprocessing plants to Pakistan and Brazil), but finally the moralistic decision was that such a move would be to "renege" on a deal—a lapse from virtue the United States could not contemplate. And so, good citizens all, we lived up to our contracts.

Meanwhile, over at the Pentagon, the computers were humming away at their additions. But, we are told, they couldn't add right—hence the $1.4 billion error. Now, if there is one mathematical feat even the simplest computer can accomplish it is addition. "There was a mistake," said the White House spokesman, because an employee across the Potomac had "neglected" to factor in additions to contracts already signed. Not so, cried a General named Fish, who heads the Defense Security Assistance Agency and who knows troubled waters when he sees them. General Fish blamed the miscalculation on the difficulty of making estimates, suggested that the White House claim of the lower figure was made too early to "get a good fix" and calmly explained that something called "scope changes" had fouled up the works.

This whole exchange between the White House and the Pentagon is the purest gobbledygook. To lay the blame on an "employee" sitting in front of a computer is a cowardly evasion. Lincoln used to calculate defense contracts in the Civil War on the back of an envelope. His answers came out right because he wanted the truth. The Carter administration's answers come out wrong because it is trying to hide the truth, and the computer and its humble servants get the blame.

Beyond that, there's a nasty element to this story. Carter, with characteristic overstatement, announced last May 19 that "the United States will henceforth view arms transfers as an *exceptional* foreign policy implement, to be used only in instances where it can be clearly demonstrated that the transfer contributes to our national security interests." A reduction in these deals was thus pledged. It will be easier to live up to that when the base from which those promised reductions will start is $11.3 and not $9.9 billion.

And so "the world's leading champion of peace" is more than ever "the world's leading supplier of the weapons of war." We are still selling the Shah of Iran billions of dollars worth of the latest and hottest in arms, half of all we sell abroad—as an "*exceptional* foreign policy implement," of course. Under Carter we have added to our long list of customers the Sudan, Chad and Somalia (the latter currently off it because of the Ogaden War). We go on selling arms and police equipment to the abysmal regimes that rule Chile, Argentina, Brazil, Haiti, Uruguay, Indonesia, South Korea and the Philippines—because that "clearly . . . contributes to our national security interests."

All this happens under a government pledged to the most rigorous virtue, an end to the arms race and peace everywhere. It just doesn't add up.

Feminists' Boycott

Whatever the results of the National Women's Conference at Houston in late November, there was good news on the eve of that extraordinary gathering—news of organized women fighting back against their opponents on the Equal Rights Amendment. It seems the pro-ERA forces have organized an effective convention boycott of states that have not yet passed the amendment; some fifty organizations have decided not to hold their meetings in those states. Groups such as the National Education Association, the American Psychological Association, and the Modern Language Association will honor the boycott.

Illinois is one such state, and the Chicago Convention and Tourism Bureau says its city already stands to lose $15 million from cancellations of scheduled conventions or from the refusal of several groups to consider meeting there. As a result, the bureau's board of directors has urged the Illinois legislature to ratify the ERA. It would be an important victory because Illinois is a key state, being home base for Phyllis Schlafly, the noisiest opponent of ERA. Atlanta, Miami Beach and New Orleans also report potential losses ranging from $6 million to $9 million.

Boycotts have often demonstrated their power as political weapons—businessmen with legislative influence have a way of switching their stance when profit is at stake. Feminists who began their action more or less spontaneously were initially surprised by the boycott's growth and have now announced plans to organize it nationwide. And, encouraged by the District of Columbia City Council, which recently resolved that, "No . . . government money

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shall be spent on out-of-city travel expenses of District of Columbia government employees who attend conventions in states which have not ratified the ERA," feminists hope to enlist not just private organizations but sympathetic public bodies.

Of course, two can play the boycott game; right-wing groups like the National Rifle Association might well respond by holding *their* meetings only in states that have voted down the ERA. But the weight of public opinion probably favors the women in any such battle of the ballrooms. If a large coalition of progressive organizations (labor unions in particular come to mind) would back up their verbal support for the ERA by refusing to gather in anti-ERA country, the pressure from the hotel and restaurant industry could just swing the votes to pass the Amendment in the three more states necessary before the 1979 deadline.

The Game of the Name

Debrett's Peerage and British Airways are about to launch something they call "Roots" Air Tours. The name of this venture, it pains us to note, is an obvious but illegitimate attempt to cash in on the recent success of Alex Haley's book, since there is nothing in the announcement to suggest that any of the tours will cover Africa. They are instead designed to attract Americans who "wish to visit ancestral homesteads in Great Britain or Europe." British Airways (in hours stolen from having a jolly good try at shoving the Concorde down our throats) has noticed that "holiday makers are increasingly interested in purposeful activities to undertake on air travel vacations," and the activity of scraping up acquaintance with ancient bones is one the company thinks will be popular.

It works like this: six months before you plan to fly, you send off your name and, if you know them, those of your parents and grandparents to Debrett's; its genealogists, led by Lord Teviot and Mr. Noel Currer-Briggs (who warmed up for the job by tracing the lineage of President Carter in America and Great Britain), will prepare an itinerary of "churches, tombstones, cottages and even castles" where your progenitors lived, worshipped and eventually sought rest. We accuse no one of snobbery, but Debrett's has been in the British peerage business for a long time, and there's nothing like an impressive British coat of arms to give a man a feeling that his vacation was spent to good purpose. And it is said, on how good authority we don't know, that anyone with an Anglo-Saxon surname can confidently claim descent from William the Conqueror—the mathematics of kinship works out that way on a relatively small island. So Debrett's should be able to supply each and every applicant with an authentic crusader, or at least an Anglican bishop, to add to his collection of Toby jugs and views of Tintern Abbey. At $330 ($275 if you cancel the flight you book six months in advance) the Debrett ancestry air tour should be an ethnicity bargain for WASPs, even if the family tree does show the occasional forebear who ended on a gibbet or in debtors' prison (which, for an extra fee, Debrett's might agree to suppress).

HEW AND THE 'SEXUAL REVOLUTION'

WHY TEENAGERS GET PREGNANT

MICHAEL CASTLEMAN

When it comes to reducing the teen pregnancy rate, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare appears to be as sophisticated as a 13-year-old girl who has just missed her period. HEW is planning to ask Congress for $200 million for a four-year campaign to "combat the epidemic of premature pregnancy" by providing contraceptive methods and education to 3 million teens. But informed observers—including several HEW consultants—doubt that this program will significantly reduce the teen pregnancy rate.

Under the plan proposed, HEW would spend about $75 per teen served for services which many believe do not reach enough teens, do not reach them young enough, and do not provide the kinds of information teens really need about sex.

Meanwhile, HEW funding appears less likely for programs that stand a better chance of having a major influence on teens: specifically, neighborhood, peer-based contraceptive distribution programs; sex education that talks of lovemaking, and not simply about reproductive plumbing, and mass-media campaigns that can reach into teen culture through television, radio, pop music and sports.

Before the early decades of this century, there was no teen pregnancy problem because the vast majority of teenaged women could not physically conceive children. In 1840, the average age at first menstruation was about 17 in this country and in Europe; today it is 12 and decreasing, the result of improved health care and nutrition. At the same time, child betrothal and early marriage used to be established customs—for instance, both Romeo and Juliet were in their early teens. Children married young and presumably consummated the marriage without the possibility of conceiving children for several years.

Michael Castleman is a free-lance writer who specializes in human sexuality. He was the director of the Men's Reproductive Health Clinic in San Francisco, the first birth-control clinic for men.

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Today the situation is reversed—puberty occurs much earlier and marriage usually quite a bit later. Today's 12-year-olds may or may not become sexually experienced at an earlier age than Romeo and Juliet, but they run substantially more risk of an unwanted pregnancy if they do experiment.

The "sexual revolution" of the 1960s focused considerable attention on the increasingly permissive mores of adult American culture. Premarital lovemaking, in particular, became a gradually accepted—if not universally welcomed—part of American courtship patterns. But for all the uproar about changing sexual attitudes, it has remained unclear to what degree the so-called revolution signaled greater sexual permissiveness and how much it merely produced a greater willingness to acknowledge behavior that had been going on for quite some time. A similar uncertainty frames the more recent concern about teen pregnancy. Are the kids really copulating earlier than previous generations of teens, or are they simply more willing to discuss their behavior honestly? It is interesting to note that thirteen years ago, in 1964, well before the start of the sexual revolution, teenagers delivered 41 percent of all illegitimate births—and this figure excludes the considerable proportion of teen parents-to-be who made hasty wedding arrangements.

Today, teen sexual activity is considerably more visible than ever before. The proportion of girls 15-to-19 years old who admit to being no longer virgins has almost doubled in six years, from 28 percent in 1971 to about 50 percent this year. While the overall birth rate continues to decline, the teen birth rate is rising steadily, with the sharpest increases in the 13-and-younger group. In 1974 more than 800 babies were born to girls 14 and younger in California alone. Teens represent one-fifth of women of reproductive age, but received one-third of all legal abortions in 1974. And that same year, a survey of urban boys, average age 16, revealed that almost 70 percent were sexually experienced, the average of first intercourse being *under 13*. Planned Parenthood estimates that there are 11 million sexually active teens in the United States today, and studies show that more than half of them used no contraception the last time they had intercourse.

While teen sexual activity is in itself alarming to many, teen pregnancy and parenthood are what have spurred HEW into action. Teen mothers have more children, more premature children, more miscarriages and more stillbirths than older mothers. They also have higher rates of death during childbirth and of infant death during the first year. The suicide rate among teen mothers is *ten times* the national average. Teen mothers tend to drop out of high school and to survive on welfare. They rarely develop marketable job skills, and children who raise children are involved in a disproportionate amount of child abuse and neglect.

This year for the first time HEW is overtly committed to supporting teen contraceptive services. In the past, conservative, religious and anti-abortion pressure groups have forced HEW—and OEO before it—to "euphemize" these expenditures as being for drug-abuse prevention programs, or under the carefully vague heading of "youth services."

Now, HEW "is becoming a little bolder about teen contraception," said an official of the department in San Francisco. "There is no question about the agency's long-term commitment to the reduction of the teen birth and V.D. rates"—especially now that Medicaid is no longer available for abortions. Medicaid had paid for the vast majority of teen abortions, and HEW planners are fairly confident that Congress will give them the funds they have requested for preventive programs, rather than assume the far more costly burden of long-term welfare support for teen mothers and their children.

According to an HEW official, the agency will ask Congress for $35 million in fiscal 1979, $74 million in 1980 and $118 million in 1981 for teen contraceptive services under the Title X Family Planning Act. Many observers expect HEW to invest the bulk of these funds in the kinds of teen service the department has indirectly supported in the past—teen clinics and school contraceptive education programs.

"Although clinics contribute the major source of birth control for teens, they are not reaching large numbers of sexually active teens, nor are they reaching them soon enough. In many cases, they also fail to promote effective contraceptive use among teens they do reach." This summation is from a 1975 report by Urban and Rural Systems Analysts (URSA), hired by HEW to evaluate teen clinics funded under Title X.

Family planning researchers from the San Francisco-based URSA interviewed 423 teenaged girls at forty clinics in eight cities, New York, Atlanta, San Francisco-Oakland and Seattle among them. They found that 94 percent of the girls they interviewed were sexually experienced before they visited the clinic, and that an astounding 75 percent had been sexually active for *at least a year* before they came to the clinic. One-third of the girls had already been pregnant. These findings are echoed by the Johns Hopkins research team of Drs. Kantner and Zelnik, who recently reported that among teens there "is a pattern of having sex, becoming pregnant, and then going on to use birth control."

The URSA report also said that many teen clinics "do not reflect a knowledge of their patients' lives and feelings." They are often inaccessibly located, with inconvenient hours, long waiting times and inadequate guarantees of privacy. Teen clinics rarely advertise enough to become known to potential clients. On this last score the clinics are not entirely to blame; they tend to hold advertising to a minimum to avoid attack from conservatives.

The URSA report also criticized the Title X program for limiting funding strictly to contraceptive services, while providing no support for closely related, badly needed services such as pregnancy testing, problem pregnancy counseling, V.D. testing and treatment, and relationship and sexual counseling. Confidentiality was consistently crucial to the teens URSA interviewed, but the report also pointed out that, as of 1975, less than half the states, only twenty-three, had granted persons under 18 the right to birth-control services without parental consent.

Family Life is the contraceptive and sex education class tenth graders take in California public schools.

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> What a boring class—it was not about sex at all. . . . It was so lame I used to cut it all the time.
>
> It was a jive class. I didn't learn a damn thing. The teacher was too inhibited. . . . She was so up-tight, nobody asked any questions.

These are typical comments on Family Life from students who have participated in one of the more progressive school sex education programs in the country. Most sex education classes have almost nothing to do with sex; they discuss anatomy and usually employ a clinical vocabulary foreign to most teens. "Kids don't 'have intercourse,'" said one San Francisco family planner who often speaks to Family Life classes. "They fuck, screw, ball, do it and get down. Adults who refuse to use the kids' language might as well not open their mouths."

Tenth graders who take Family Life are about 16, and about half of them are already sexually experienced. Teachers of the course often spend considerable class time trying to counter the peer pressure that forces many teens to become sexually active before they really want to. While it is certainly important to advise students how to say "no," few teachers seem to understand that half the class has already said "yes."

HEW has not been unaware of the shortcomings of public school family-planning programs for some time. In a highly touted attempt to improve them, the agency in 1972-74 allocated $136,000 to Project Teen Concern, a national model program designed to train teachers, parents and community leaders to deal more effectively with teen sexuality. The growing HEW emphasis on teen pregnancy makes it likely that similar programs will be funded in the future.

Project Teen Concern spent $450 per participant to train 300 adults to discuss sexuality and contraception with junior high school students. The trainees registered "very modest" increases in knowledge, according to an independent evaluation by the Nomos Institute of Berkeley, probably because "the participants already held most of the attitudes the program was trying to form." In other words, the program trained the wrong people, which "raises questions about why public money was spent to train this group," said Robert Heath, director of Nomos.

Professionals in sex education and family planning, said Heath, rarely leave their professional surroundings to talk to teens. "There is a tendency for professionals to talk only to other professionals. . . . Professionals are trained to do that and you run fewer personal and psychological risks."

Heath criticized school-based contraceptive programs because many young people—particularly those from low-income families—are so turned off school that contraceptive information cannot be transmitted in the institutional setting. Heath encourages professionals to get out of their offices and workshops and associate with young people where they congregate: on street corners, in parks, parking lots, schoolyards, pin-ball parlors, fast-food outlets, bowling alleys, the beach, lovers' lanes, pool halls, record stores and boutiques.

Why, then, don't teens use birth control? One reason is that the fear of pregnancy is no longer the deterrent it used to be. Fifteen years ago, girls would suddenly vanish from the eighth grade for a semester "to take care of a sick grandmother." Today, pregnant girls are a common sight in many high schools and junior highs. One San Francisco high school averages twenty pregnancies per year. And in nearby Oakland, teen mothers attend a special high school across the street from a school-board-operated child care center.

Another reason why teens do not use birth control is that to do so implies planning *in advance* for lovemaking. Our culture teaches that a deliberate intention to engage in sex is less romantic, less desirable and less "the way it's supposed to be" than being swept off one's feet.

"You never see Robert Redford asking Julie Christie what method they should use," said Deborah Mandel, of Marin (Calif.) Planned Parenthood. "He gives her that special look, their clothes fall off and no one has any regrets afterward."

The media are often criticized for promoting notions of unplanned, irresponsible sexuality. "Adults can weigh their experience of negotiating sexual relationships against the 'swept away' romanticism of TV and films," one sex educator remarked. "Kids don't have the perspective to distinguish media sex from real sex. They are very sensitive to media messages and they imitate what they see."

The Population Institute of Los Angeles is attempting to encourage the television and film industries to portray sexual issues more honestly and to deal openly with birth control. The institute sponsors an annual awards banquet where writers and producers receive commendation for programs which include discussions of contraception. This year, *All in the Family* won for an episode during which Michael got a vasectomy.

A third and frequently overlooked reason why teens allow themselves to get pregnant is that they want children. The teen years are frightening. The world looks huge, cruel and incomprehensible; the economy is in trouble and teens feel it directly in chronic unemployment or dead-end jobs. Becoming a parent is much easier and more fulfilling than finding work—any work, let alone meaningful, satisfying work. For many teens, a child gives them personal dignity, something to do with their lives, someone to love and someone to hold power over in a world where they feel powerless.

It can be quite a challenge to persuade a 14-year-old girl that she is ruining her life when her friends begin to treat her as a celebrity, and her parents suddenly face her as an adult—possibly for the first time in her life. Her teachers alter their view of her, and she attracts the attention of the helping professionals at school and around the community. Teen pregnancy may be as close as American culture comes to a rite of passage from adolescence to adulthood.

The key to reducing the teen birth rate is to develop programs that touch teens directly, as opposed to clinic-type programs which force them to step out of their lives and into the unfamiliar world of family-planning professionals.

A few programs have used this approach with favorable results. A 1969 program in the South recognized that teen clinics are set up largely to give girls birth-

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control pills, thus ignoring the boys, although the condom has always been a popular contraceptive method among teens who do practice birth control. Lenni Kangas, a public health student at the University of North Carolina, organized a mass distribution of condoms. Since it was "to operate largely outside the official channels of the health, welfare and poverty agencies," many health professionals disparaged the project, and official disdain increased when Kangas recruited high school dropouts to distribute the condoms. But he recognized two important factors that made the roughneck dropouts ideal staff. First, their personal networks largely covered the target population of teenage boys the project hoped to reach; second, they were seen as trend setters and opinion makers among the teens in question. Kangas also gave cases of condoms to local merchants whose stores were teen hangouts. Somewhat surprisingly, almost every merchant who was approached agreed to distribute the condoms free to boys they believed to be sexually active. (Pharmacists were reluctant to participate; they sell condoms.) Kangas's project distributed an astounding 27,000 condoms in four months, about 240 per day. The merchants distributed 40 percent, the dropouts 38 percent, while the local V.D. clinic ran a poor third with 20 percent. This program has been criticized by some because Kangas could not show that the boys actually *used* the condoms, but teen clinics cannot guarantee that girls will take their pills. The project did demonstrate that, contrary to popular wisdom, teen boys are willing to practice contraception; they prefer, however, to take condoms from individuals they know and trust rather than from impersonal public health facilities. A similar program was developed in Dillon County, South Carolina. Nick Mescia, the project director there, reported that the boys were reluctant to come into the public health department to pick up condoms, but would phone him with detailed instructions to meet them at lonely rural crossroads after dark.

The importance of mass media to teen culture cannot be overestimated. The average teenager watches twenty hours of television a week, almost as much time as is spent in school; an amazing 52 percent of a teen's leisure time is spent with the mass media.

Young teens spend far more time on television than on radio, but in their next few years television time drops while radio time jumps, as popular music becomes more important in their lives. Ten years ago, comedians defined teenagers as "young people with transistor radios growing out of their ears." Today, the form has changed to AM-FM cassette players, but the substance remains about the same.

What they learn from the media often means more to teens than what they learn in school. Many of them can describe the plot of last night's *Kojak* better than they can describe yesterday's history lesson. Similarly, semiliterate slow learners can often recite offhand the lyrics of the top ten pop tunes.

Rock Spots is an attempt to promote teen contraception through radio. The San Francisco-based national media project has recruited chart-busting rock stars like Fleetwood Mac, the Jackson 5, Linda Ronstadt and Alice Cooper to deliver public service messages about birth control, while their hit songs play in the background. *Rock Spots,* sponsored by the Population Institute, is syndicated to 500 radio stations. The project has had an "incredibly positive" impact on radio audiences, according to a survey of station managers. "The stars talk about their own personal experiences," said Kathi Kamen, project director. "The spots come across more real than the typical celebrity public-service announcement."

Rock Spots has just launched a new project, The First National Condom Couplet Contest. "We're looking for two-line rubber rhymes," Kamen said, "to get young people thinking and talking about birth control." The first prize is a gold condom to be awarded by a panel of rock stars. Entries are pouring in from across the country, including a packet of entries from an entire high school class in Van Nuys, Calif. The teacher heard a radio spot about the contest and assigned his class to enter.

The success of *Rock Spots* has attracted some HEW interest. After dismissing media programs for years, HEW is starting, says Kamen, to realize their potential effectiveness. Just this season, in fact, HEW has funded for $90,000 its first teen mass-media contraception program, the *Sports Project*. It is an offshoot of *Rock Spots*, and is also sponsored by the Population Institute. The *Sports Project* plans to enlist professional athletes in broadcast and print media public-service advertising to encourage teens—particularly boys—to take contraception seriously.

Several individuals who work with teens hope that HEW's interest in the *Sports Project* signals the start of a new trend. "Some kids listen to the speakers we get from Planned Parenthood," said Stan Pesick who teaches at Oakland (Calif.) Technical High School. "But they're *all* into music and sports. If Stevie Wonder and Julius Erving came out for birth control, it would have a tremendous impact on the kids."

No authority in the field of teen pregnancy expects HEW's anticipated $200-million investment in teen contraceptive services to do much more than scratch the surface of this complex and pressing problem. Teen sexual irresponsibility reflects the sexual discomfort and frustration felt by most adults, 50 percent of whom are sexually ignorant and/or unsatisfied, according to estimates by the sex research team of Masters and Johnson. Rather than helping young teens discover the "joy of sex," many adults believe that 11- and 12-year-olds should not be interested in "that sort of thing," and adopt a punitive attitude where pregnancy is seen as the deserved punishment for normal adolescent sexual exploration.

If schools, parents and the government were to offer as "driver education" a course in which teens did not learn how to drive but only how to "protect themselves" from crackups by using seat belts, a reasonable observer would expect a rash of traffic accidents to result. The entire range of sex education now offered to teens is not sex education at all; it merely instructs them in how to "protect themselves" from pregnancy. The result has clearly been a rash of accidents of a different sort. □

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THE CRUEL CASE OF INDONESIA

ARNOLD S. KOHEN

Earlier this year, the Carter administration quietly requested and received from Congress a major increase in military aid to Indonesia, a country that has been characterized by Amnesty International as an "Asian *Gulag*," and for the past two years has been conducting an internationally condemned war with American-supplied weapons. Indonesia launched a full-scale invasion of East Timor on December 7, 1975, nine days after the former Portuguese colony declared its independence. On December 6, Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger had concluded a state visit to Indonesia with an announcement that the United States would continue to provide "security assistance." When questioned by newsmen about the impending invasion, Kissinger replied that "the United States understands Indonesia's position" on East Timor. Yet when reports of bloody fighting and the indiscriminate execution of East Timorese civilians by Indonesian forces appeared in the world press, both Kissinger and the State Department declined to comment.

When the new administration came into office, observers in the United States and Australia—where traditional ties and proximity have made East Timor a prominent issue—wondered what bearing Carter's human rights pronouncements would have on American policy toward the conflict. During the 1976 election campaign Carter had often stated his intention of breaking with the cynical *Realpolitik* of the Kissinger era. Yet there is no evidence in either of the recent Congressional hearings on Indonesia and East Timor that this promise will be fulfilled. In fact, the Carter administration has made clear that it will not only continue the Ford-Kissinger policy on East Timor but, as a consequence of its greatly increased military and political support for Jakarta, will deepen American support of Indonesia's military intervention.

Indonesia's domestic record on human rights is one of the worst in the world. Amnesty International vividly described the situation in 1976: "Growing within the fertile Indonesian archipelago is another archipelago—an archipelago of prisons and penal colonies, an archipelago assuming the frightening aspects of the *Gulag*. Islands of prisons hidden within islands; prison provinces being welded into abnormal societies, perpetually isolated and quarantined from the mainstream of Indonesian life. . . ."

The Indonesian Government claims that "no more" than 29,000 political prisoners are now being held; Amnesty International believes that the true number ranges from 55,000 to 100,000—the great majority having been held for *more than ten years without trial*. Most of the prisoners, who are confined for a variety of reasons, ranging from membership in previously legal Communist or left-wing organizations to any type of relationship with the members of such groups, suffer from an appalling lack of medical facilities and nourishing food. At 1975-76 hearings of the Subcommittee on International Organizations, chaired by Rep. Donald M. Fraser (D., Minn.), witnesses testified that Indonesian political prisoners inhabit a frightening netherworld. If they are released, it may be only to be rearrested. And former prisoners who do remain free find that their political background effectively bars them from employment or a normal life. The vast majority, however, will probably never have to face the hazards of the outside, for as of now they stand little chance of ever being released.

The Indonesian prisoner situation obviously deserved notice when, last March 10, Richard C. Holbrooke, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, presented the administration's proposals for security assistance to East Asia before the House Asian and Pacific Affairs Subcommittee. While insisting that security assistance to South Korea and the Philippines should not be reduced, he did at least note serious violations of human rights in these countries, especially in the Philippines, where he deplored "detentions without trial, in some cases for as long as four years." When he turned to Indonesia, however, he made no mention whatever of any human rights violations. Noting that "since the Communist victories in Indochina, the Indonesians have become more concerned about their security and are making modest efforts to upgrade their own defenses," he urged that U.S. security assistance is an "appropriate contribution" to allaying Indonesian fears in the "still-uncertain post-Vietnam period." Yet there is little evidence of insurgency within Indonesia's sprawling island chain, and it is absurd to imagine that Vietnam, preoccupied with its own reconstruction, would send an armada across the South China Sea to invade Indonesia. The only significant fighting currently taking place is on the far eastern periphery of the archipelago, in East Timor—which is not part of Indonesia.

The island of Timor was first colonized in the late 16th century, when it became part of Portugal's then-flourishing Asian empire. By 1769, Holland had dislodged Portugal from the Indies, with the sole exception of the eastern half of Timor and three small areas around the island, territory totaling that of New Jersey. The Dutch ruled over Western Timor until 1949, when the Netherlands East Indies achieved independence as the Republic of Indonesia.

The Portuguese remained in East Timor continuously until August 1975, except for the period between 1941 and 1945, when Japan occupied the territory. During Indonesia's first sixteen years of independence under the strongly—some would say belligerently—anti-colonial President Sukarno, no attempt was made to oust the Portuguese from the archipelago. Similarly, when it came to power, President Suharto's military regime showed no interest in East Timor for seven years—until April 1974 when Portugal rid itself of (its) dictatorship.

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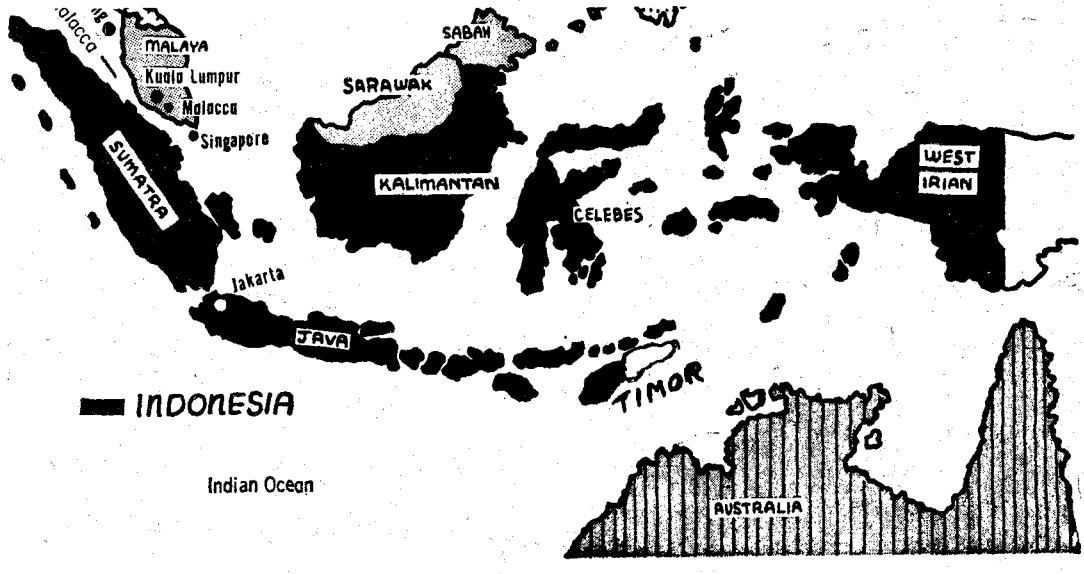
The fall of the old regime in Portugal and the subsequent announcement of a plan for decolonization of its overseas possessions held out the promise that East Timor would soon become independent after more than 400 years of harsh Portuguese rule. At first the Indonesian Government seemed to accept the creation of an independent East Timor, but it soon turned hostile to the idea. A major reason for this reversal was the need to distract attention from a colossal corruption scandal within Indonesia's military-run state oil enterprise, Pertamina, which in 1976 went effectively bankrupt with more than $10 billion in debts. In addition, being anti-Communist to the point of paranoia, the military regime apparently feared that an independent East Timor could become a haven for exiled Indonesian Communists and other dissidents. It is, however, a little difficult to understand why East Timor, with a population of only 650,000, would want to provoke huge Indonesia, 140 million strong. And with anti-Communist Australia lying immediately to the south, it becomes even harder to imagine how a small country seeking independence could threaten Indonesia.

In East Timor itself, most observers noted, the overwhelming sentiment was for independence, as advocated by a coalition of the territory's two major political organizations—the UDT (Timorese Democratic Union), a conservative nationalist party composed of ex-colonial civil servants, merchants and a few wealthy landowners, and FRETILIN (Revolutionary Front for an Independent East Timor), a Populist party favoring broad social reforms. The popularity of this pro-independence coalition was such that it would easily have won power in a free election. But by August 1975, the coalition had broken down and UDT initiated what was to be a month-long civil war.

Many have attributed the UDT-FRETILIN conflict to tensions then existing between right-wing and left-wing forces in Portugal itself. But though the spillover from Portuguese domestic politics may have played a part, few knowledgeable observers believe that civil war would have erupted in East Timor had it not been for Indonesia's covert intervention. In early 1975, the Indonesian military started to spread false rumors designed to foster suspicion of FRETILIN within the UDT group. To cite one example, a story was circulated that the North Vietnamese had sent military instructors to train FRETILIN members in the mountains of East Timor.

These rumors proved insufficient to achieve the Indonesian generals' goals. Accordingly, they made ever more open threats of armed intervention unless the coalition were broken up. In March 1975, the war of nerves started with reports of an imminent invasion. In May, directly after a meeting of its representatives with the generals in Jakarta, the UDT unilaterally abandoned the coalition. Finally, just days before the August 1975 civil war, UDT leaders once more traveled to Jakarta where, in the judgment of many regional specialists, the Indonesian military intelligence chiefs handed them an ultimatum: seize power and crush FRETILIN, or expect an Indonesian invasion.

FRETILIN's increasing popularity, based in part on its energetic organization of literacy schools and agricultural cooperatives among an essentially rural people long oppressed by Portugal, proved the decisive factor in the civil war. Timorese conscripts in the Portuguese Army—mainly the sons of the rural poor—captured the colonial arsenal and rallied to FRETILIN, defeating a UDT force armed by the Portuguese police. Most UDT leaders crossed the border into Indonesian Timor where, according to recent disclosures, they were disarmed and made virtual prisoners of the Indonesians. Western journalists who in late September 1975 visited the UDT encampment in Indonesian Timor reported that UDT had ceased to exist as a fighting force and that the civil war had ended. Almost at once, Indonesian troops began to launch attacks across the border into East Timor. This was accompanied by an intensive Indonesian propaganda campaign—still actively pursued—calculated to legitimize the assault. The Indonesian state press agency Antara proclaimed that the invading troops were "pro-Indonesian" East Timorese who were "making a comeback," a version of events uncritically accepted at that time by most of the Western press. (Although from the start it has had compelling evidence to the contrary, the Carter State Department has publicly preferred to credit this version.) Eyewitness accounts by Australian journalists who were stationed near the border inside East Timor confirm that



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Indonesia attacked well before December. In fact, available evidence leaves little doubt that when, on October 16, 1975, five Australian television journalists died while filming Indonesian operations in East Timor, three—and perhaps all five—were executed specifically to conceal Indonesian operations.

Portugal, wracked by domestic crises, was unable to resume the decolonization process. Therefore, in the hope of bringing a charge of Indonesian aggression before the U.N., FRETILIN, which had administered a de facto government since the rout of UDT in the civil war, declared East Timor's independence from Portugal on November 28, 1975. Three days later, on December 1, Indonesian Foreign Minister Adam Malik all but announced an imminent full-scale invasion. On December 5, President Ford and Secretary Kissinger arrived in the Indonesian capital. These men knew well that the impending operation would rely heavily on U.S.-supplied equipment (a State Department legal adviser admitted in July 1977 that the invading Indonesian forces "were armed roughly 90 percent with our equipment"), and that Congress had specifically forbidden the use of our military aid for external aggression. Yet there is no public evidence that either man attempted to dissuade Indonesia from the attack. (And thus far the Carter administration has refused to comply with the Fraser subcommittee's April 1977 request for "any written account or summary or report on the conversation between President Ford and Secretary Kissinger with Indonesian officials during their visit to Jakarta in December 1975.") Twelve hours after Ford and Kissinger departed, the threatened full-scale invasion commenced.

Indonesia appears to have expected a quick military victory, but even during the period of Indonesia's "covert" border warfare FRETILIN's first-rate military performance had impressed journalists covering the fighting. Most of its soldiers were armed with high-quality NATO weapons captured from the Portuguese arsenal and had received three years of training in compulsory military service under the colonial regime. The example of Australia's earlier successful guerrilla warfare in East Timor—when 400 Australian commandos held off 18,000 Japanese troops for almost two years—convinced many that indigenous forces with strong popular support would drag Indonesia into a quagmire if it should try to occupy the territory.

Recognizing the futility of any attempt to defend Dili, the capital, or other towns close by the sea, FRETILIN, well before the December 7th invasion, had moved men, arms and supplies into strongholds in the rugged mountains that make up most of East Timor. The people remaining in Dili were almost entirely noncombatants—women, children and the elderly. Yet, the Indonesian invaders treated these harmless people with great brutality. *The Times* of London reported gruesome massacres and many papers published what was to be the final broadcast from Radio Dili: "The Indonesian forces are killing indiscriminately. Women and children are being shot in the streets. We are all going to be killed. I repeat, we are all going to be killed. . . . This is an appeal for international help. . . . Please help us. . . ."

The Portuguese Government immediately broke diplomatic relations with Indonesia and called for an urgent U.N. meeting on the East Timor situation. The General Assembly voted on December 12, 1975 to condemn the Indonesian intervention and called on Indonesia to withdraw from the territory. The United States abstained on this resolution. It then voted for a somewhat weaker resolution unanimously adopted by the U.N. Security Council on December 22. (In late January 1976, *The New York Times* published the text of a diplomatic cable in which Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., boasted that his arm-twisting had influenced the votes of several countries at this session.)

Although the State Department remained mum on these matters, David Newsom, U.S. Ambassador to Indonesia, told a Berkeley seminar in January 1976 that the United States "had not disapproved of" the Indonesian invasion. And in January, also, the respected Sydney daily, *The Australian,* quoted an unnamed State Department official as saying that "the United States was more or less condoning the incursion into East Timor." The Security Council took up the Timor issue again in April 1976 when, according to *The New York Times* (April 23), Indonesia's position was "discreetly backed by the United States." While the United States neither attended nor publicly acknowledged a "People's Assembly" staged by Indonesia in the East Timor capital on May 31, 1976 (a clumsy Indonesian attempt to legitimize its invasion), it voted against a December 1976 General Assembly resolution that rejected the Indonesian Government's claim to have annexed East Timor.

After the invasion, Indonesia, having gained control of air and sea access to East Timor, imposed a news blackout and allowed no independent journalists to travel freely in the territory. Disclosures of real conditions in East Timor came only from Australian intelligence leaks and other indirect sources. Also, by late 1976 FRETILIN radio had been broadcasting from the East Timor hinterland on a regular basis for nearly a year, and confirmation of the tenor of its reports came in November, when an Indonesian Catholic relief group released a secret report based on a trip to East Timor during which local priests were interviewed. It stated that perhaps as many as 100,000 East Timorese had been killed by the invaders, but that FRETILIN military operations had effectively limited Indonesian control to only 15 percent of the territory; that atrocities against the civilian population had become characteristic of the Indonesian occupation, and that FRETILIN would win any plebiscite.

The contents of the Indonesian Catholic report stimulated further investigations. In January 1977, James Dunn, former Australian consul in East Timor, was asked by church and relief organizations to interview East Timorese refugees newly arrived in Portugal. After conducting the interviews, Dunn told *The Times* of London that Indonesian actions in East Timor could justly be compared with the brutality of American troops at My Lai. According to the report, dated February 11, 1977, the refugees said that "In the mountain areas whole villages were wiped out as Indonesian troops advanced into the interior." Families were shot "when the Indonesians

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discovered a FRETILIN flag in their house"; and when the Indonesians captured certain villages, "all the Timorese in the village except children under the age of 3 were shot," because, it was said, "they were infected with the seeds of FRETILIN."

Dunn concluded that the East Timor situation "may well constitute . . . the most serious contravention of human rights facing the world at this time." His report did not claim to be more than a sketch of the situation, and he stressed that he had written it to encourage others to make a more exhaustive inquiry into the situation. But the Dunn report gains particular credibility from the fact that the refugees who were interviewed either had been adherents of the UDT group defeated by FRETILIN, or had hitherto taken no part in the politics of East Timor.

In Australia the Dunn report set off a political furor. Members of Parliament from all major parties immediately cabled President Carter and Representative Fraser, recognizing that the United States could use its considerable influence to rein in Indonesia, the recipient of large amounts of U.S. economic and military assistance, especially if the administration honored its oft-repeated statements on human rights. Carter apparently did not respond to the cable, but Fraser soon scheduled a hearing on East Timor before his subcommittee, and asked James Dunn to testify.

By the time that Assistant Secretary of State Holbrooke appeared on March 10 before the House Asian and Pacific Affairs Subcommittee, the Dunn report—as well as a significant body of evidence from other reputable sources—was available for consideration. Yet he did not touch at all on the situation in East Timor. At the same time, the administration was requesting a record $58.1 million in military aid for Indonesia in fiscal 1978, a 28 percent increase over the $46 million granted in fiscal 1977—which, in turn, was double the amount given in fiscal 1976.

After his presentation, Holbrooke was questioned by a subcommittee member, Rep. Helen Meyner (D., N.J.), about his views on East Timor "and how that affects the whole security assistance picture." He replied:

> Let me be frank about the Timor problem, Mrs. Meyner. I am unable to answer your question directly. I have heard the stories. I have read them. They really disturb me very much. I have been unable to make a personal determination. I could obtain for you a fairly formal statement from the department and I will submit that, if you wish, immediately. But I would like to know more about it personally. I have read the reports and I feel very uncomfortable about them without knowing enough to make any final comment. . . . If things like that are going on, they involve such a tremendous number of lives with such bloodshed that it would deserve much more attention than it has gotten subsequently.

Holbrooke's response seemed to echo the administration's claimed concern for human rights, but it does not explain why military aid to Indonesia was sharply increased when such aid could only exacerbate existing violations of human rights. It seems, from what has been done as opposed to what has been said, that high-level policy makers had placed Indonesia in a "not-to-be-criticized" category. American oil companies and multinationals have enjoyed a bonanza since the military regime came to power in this OPEC country in 1965. In addition to aid, Indonesia has a host of very important natural resources—rubber, tin and timber among them. Strategically located at the crossroads of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, Indonesia is undoubtedly one of the real tests of the sincerity of the Carter human rights policy. Like the Ford administration before it, this administration can convincingly be charged with putting strategic interests ahead of human rights, in effect endorsing official Indonesian statements on East Timor and the political prisoners, and presenting them to Americans as fact.

It has long been known that the Indonesians employed chiefly American arms to carry out the 1975 invasion, but since then other sophisticated equipment has been delivered to the Indonesian military. For example, the United States, beginning in September 1976, provided a squadron of OV-10 Bronco counterinsurgency aircraft. (In February 1977 an Australian daily, *The Age,* reported that one of these planes had crashed off East Timor.) These Broncos, equipped with infrared detectors, rockets, bombs and napalm, appreciably raise the destructive capacity of the Indonesian forces. In a move clearly intended to forestall Congressional criticism, the administration last March made the initially startling disclosure that the Ford administration had secretly stopped taking Indonesia's orders for military equipment for a six-month period between the 1975 invasion and June 1976 (though it had never informed the Indonesians it was doing so!). In July, the Indonesian Government claimed that East Timor had been annexed. Since the Ford administration had then tacitly recognized Indonesia's claim, the new administration, speaking through Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Robert B. Oakley, stated on March 10, 1977, that it could see "no useful purpose in reopening an issue already decided." Therefore, the statement concluded, if Indonesia were now to use any of the $58.1 million in U.S. military assistance in the East Timor operation, it would not be conducting an aggressive foreign war; it would merely be defending its own territory.

Meanwhile, the United Nations, with Portugal taking the initiative, has rejected Indonesia's case for annexation. Repudiation of Indonesia's position had been broad-based; it has the backing even of the Brazilian military regime, which points out that the U.N. resolution is weakened only through lack of American cooperation. As for the situation inside East Timor itself, Australian intelligence disclosures indicate that heavy fighting continues.

Although the Carter administration has virtually ignored James Dunn, his findings prompted two additional hearings before the Fraser subcommittee in mid-April of this year and the visit to East Timor of a Congressional fact-finding mission. The legislators, unfortunately, could uncover little pertinent data. Not only was the itinerary strictly controlled by the Indonesian military but the group was allowed neither independent interpreters nor the opportunity to meet with specific individuals. A leaked Australian intelligence report later revealed that the four Indonesian-occupied towns visited had been cleared of troops and military equipment just before the Congressional mission arrived.

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When the Fraser subcommittee resumed its hearings to determine whether the East Timorese had been denied the "fundamental human right" of self-determination—"elaborated in two international covenants on human rights as well as in the U.N. Declaration on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples," the State Department legal adviser, George Aldrich, conceded that East Timor's right to self-determination had been violated, but declined to commit the administration to any firm stand on a future U.N. vote. He merely reiterated the official *fait accompli* policy on East Timor. Fraser, concluding the July 19th hearing, summed up his impressions:

> The United States was apprised, at least in general, perhaps specifically because . . . Secretary Kissinger was in Jakarta the day before the invasion . . . of the intention of the Indonesian Government, but we made no serious objection to what they proposed to do; [after] what I would regard as a façade of self-determination was expressed, the United States immediately indicated it was satisfied with what had transpired and resumed shipments of military assistance it never told Indonesia it was suspending. . . . There is a degree of complicity here by the United States that I really find to be quite disturbing. Even if one sets that aside, to write off 600,000 people, because we are friends with the country which forcibly annexed them, does real violence to any profession of adherence to the principle of human rights.

In late August of this year, major Australian dailies reported the beginning of a new Indonesian offensive against Timor, involving 10,000 fresh troops. Whether Indonesia has the capability to defeat what is by now a seasoned guerrilla army is debatable, but there is little doubt that the civilian toll will be high. Reports that napalm and defoliants are being used are impossible to verify, but are not at all improbable.

The United Nations took up the question of East Timor the first week of November, with the United States, according to U.N. sources, leading the Western nations in voting against a resolution calling for self-determination for East Timor. On March 17, in a speech before the General Assembly, President Carter affirmed that "There must be a wider effort to reduce the flow of weapons to all troubled spots of this globe." He went on to reaffirm that, with regard to human rights, "ours is a commitment, and not just a political posture." Yet that very day, State Department officials issued a policy statement which implicitly rejected the U.N. resolution denying Indonesia's claim to have annexed East Timor.

On October 18, Amnesty International released at a New York press conference a 150-page report on Indonesia's political prisoners. Huang Wen-hsien, head of Amnesty's Asia research department, stated that "In no other country of the world are so many political prisoners held without trial for so many years as in the Republic of Indonesia." A. Whitney Ellsworth, chairman of Amnesty International USA, further asserted that "During the sixteen years of Amnesty International's existence, few problems on which we have worked have been more serious or more intractable than that which faces us in Indonesia—serious and intractable in terms of the number of prisoners, in terms of the length of incarceration, and in terms of the methods used by the Indonesian Government."

The Amnesty report will undoubtedly build momentum for release of the prisoners. In addition, *The New York Times* reported on November 11 that a group of major American publishers had called upon Indonesia's President Suharto to "investigate the circumstances of the imprisonment" of Pramoedya Ananta Toer—Indonesia's greatest living novelist, who has been imprisoned for twelve years without trial.

The weight of the U.S. Government behind the Indonesian military regime's policies of political imprisonment and aggression in East Timor will, however, impede any changes in the overall situation. Unless the Carter administration takes decisive, principled action on the political prisoner issue and East Timor, it will signal a new peak of American hypocrisy. □

LIQUEFIED NATURAL GAS

BOMBS FLOATING IN OUR HARBORS

HAROLD RUBIN

In 1944 a tank containing liquefied natural gas (LNG) ruptured, spilling its contents into the streets and sewers of Cleveland. The LNG vaporized into a cloud and caught fire; in the resultant firestorm 128 persons died, more than 300 were injured, and property damage spread across 30 acres.

The tank that ruptured in Cleveland held 6,200 cubic meters of LNG; the 900-foot tankers that will sail daily into California—if the swing toward LNG use continues—would hold up to 125,000 cubic meters. A collision or an unloading mistake could release a devastating cloud. Each tanker is a floating bomb with the equivalent energy of a million tons of TNT, eighty times more powerful than the weapon dropped on Hiroshima.

The West Coast controversy over turning to LNG as a badly needed new source of clean energy involves predictions by opponents and proponents of impending firestorms and economic disasters. It sounds like a replay of early nuclear energy debates, and the specter it generates is no less ominous.

California does indeed face a serious energy problem. After Texas, it is the nation's biggest consumer of natural gas, burning 4.5 billion cubic feet a day. Conversion to

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coal or oil would significantly increase pollution in areas where the air is already little better than a noxious soup. Nearly 90 percent of the state's natural gas comes from outside sources. A major supplier, El Paso Natural Gas, is cutting back on deliveries by 5 percent a year. Canada, the other large supplier, is meeting its contract commitments, but has turned down repeated requests for increases. When current contracts expire in 1985, it may decide to reserve its remaining supplies for its own use.

Faced with these bleak prospects, California's private utilities began in the 1960s a search for other sources of supply that led them eventually to Alaska and Indonesia. The utilities turned then to LNG because current technology makes possible the transformation of gas into a transportable liquid. When Freon or brine is used to super-chill natural gas to 259 degrees below zero, the gas condenses into a liquid 600 times smaller than its original volume. Huge quantities of the super-cold liquid can be transported in special tankers that resemble gigantic thermos bottles. At the receiving terminal the LNG is transferred to insulated, double-walled storage tanks, heated back to gaseous form, and pumped into existing natural gas pipelines.

The Southern California Gas Co., a subsidiary of the Pacific Lighting Corp., led the way toward LNG. As the project developed and the need for more than one terminal became apparent, a paper subsidiary called Western LNG Co. was formed. The plans called for three LNG terminals in Southern California: the one in Los Angeles Harbor would receive 400 million cubic feet of gas per day from Alaska; the Oxnard terminal would receive 500 million cubic feet per day from Indonesia, and a third terminal, still farther up the California coast at Point Conception, could be used for gas from the north slope fields of Alaska—if the federal government decides to use LNG instead of pipelines to transport gas to the lower forty-eight states. As the scope of the project and its capital-investment needs expanded, Pacific Lighting brought California's other utility Goliath, Pacific Gas and Electric (PG&E), into the endeavor. Their partnership is designated Western LNG Terminal Associates.

The factions at loggerheads in the LNG controversy do not disagree about California's eventual need for new sources of clean-burning fuel. Arguments center around the issues of safety, methods of financing, location of the terminals, costs, and whether disastrous energy shortages are as imminent as the utilities claim. Persons living in the areas selected as terminal sites have fought the utilities. Legislators from the area have described Los Angeles Harbor—with perhaps unintended accuracy—as "the most explosive place to put LNG in this state." It is the hub of an industrial complex and a busy shipping center.

Oxnard is less congested, but there is strong local opposition to an onshore terminal. In a study prepared for Oxnard, the consultant concluded that a worst-case accident would kill 70,000 and cost $325 million in property damage. A gas company study concedes the possibility of 4,000 deaths in an accident that serious. However, Harvey Procter, board chairman of Southern California Gas, sees the risks implicit in an LNG facility as small enough to be acceptable, while the risks of not providing the facilities are unacceptably large.

Utilities officials stress that, despite the Cleveland tragedy, LNG has established an enviable safety record. They report that the nation already has more than 100 LNG facilities. Ships carrying LNG have made more than 2,400 transocean trips without a significant accident. Modern technology, they claim, has made a repetition of the Cleveland accident virtually impossible.

But nuclear physicist Edward Teller told a legislative subcommittee that explosions of LNG are possible even in the absence of an accident, because the cold vapors could compress, and fire in a compressed atmosphere can cause an explosion. The California legislature has been informed that risks of a serious LNG accident appear to be low, but that the consequences of an accident could be enormous if the vapor cloud were ignited over a densely populated city.

Some of the opposition groups concerned primarily with safety are pressing for offshore terminals, claiming these would be more acceptable. Western LNG Terminal Associates has investigated that possibility, but they report that the cost and time factors are prohibitive. They say, perhaps some day. . . . The broader group of conservationists believes that the swing toward LNG facilities is a move in the wrong direction. Instead, they want more attention paid to solar energy, better conservation methods, and the development of organic sources of gas for local distribution. They also advocate meeting current shortages by increasing production at the Navy's Elk Hill Reserve in California and from gas wells in the state, getting supplies from new wells in southern Mexico, and encouraging exploration and production by deregulation of gas prices at the wellhead.

Procter of Southern California Gas has predicted social and economic disaster unless LNG from Alaska and Indonesia is available by the winter of 1980-81. That means starting construction in 1978. John Zierold of the Sierra Club, other environmentalists, and some legislators dispute Procter's gloomy forecasts, noting that his predictions are based on data gathered by the utilities. The state Public Utilities Commission (PUC) is making its own study of the need for new gas sources. A recent study by Santa Barbara County sets 1990 as the critical year for providing LNG facilities. That report strengthens the conservationists' claim that, if LNG is indeed needed, there is ample time to develop the offshore terminals.

Development of LNG for California will cost about $3 billion in ships, terminals, storage tanks and related facilities and equipment. Higher gas bills will pay the costs, but the hardware is so expensive that investment bankers are urging a unique and much-criticized form of financing. The utilities want consumers to begin paying higher gas bills as soon as construction is authorized. They also want to be compensated for their investment even if the project is never completed or is abandoned after it is finished. Furthermore, the utilities are asking for a 15 percent rate of return on the money they invest.

Opposition to the utilities' risk-free approach is widespread, and the financing of the LNG system has yet to be resolved. Company spokesmen admit that LNG will be more expensive than today's gas, but say it will be competitive with other forms of energy by the time deliveries start.

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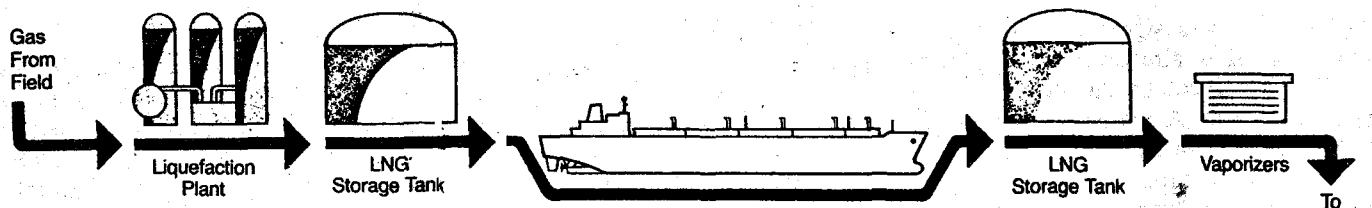

Major Elements of an LNG System

Gov. Jerry Brown's current stand on LNG reflects his determination to do nothing more to alienate California business and industry. At first he doubted the wisdom of putting an LNG terminal on the California coast. Then in early 1977 he said, "There is a consensus that a liquid natural gas facility is needed in the California area." He used his influence to get the legislature to approve an LNG measure, which he signed into law in September.

He did so even though an opposition group had revealed that Gov. Edmund Brown Sr. and other members of Jerry Brown's family have a substantial interest in Pertamina, the major proposed Indonesian supplier of LNG. Perta Oil, the American branch of the Indonesian firm, donated $70,000 to the Governor's 1974 campaign. The Sierra Club has charged that Pertamina is involved in worldwide litigation and that bad management has put the company deeply in debt. Providing California with LNG would undoubtedly help restore its solvency. The Governor's office has said that the Brown family involvement in Perta Oil has not affected his position on the recently signed bill.

That bill was a model of political trade-offs. Compromises granted to the utilities included: approval of an onshore location, establishment of procedures that insure quick selection of a site, delegating primary authority for site selection to the Public Utilities Commission and the prevention of site veto by local authorities. Compromises granted to the conservationists were: location of the first terminal at a site far from populated areas, involvement of the State Coastal Commission in the site selection process, and authorizing the State Energy Commission to advise the PUC on the need for a liquid natural gas plant.

Point Conception will be selected for the first terminal because it is the only remote site that interests the utilities. Since only the first terminal would be covered by the recently signed bill, future terminals could be built in such populated areas as Los Angeles Harbor and Oxnard.

The utilities have said the Point Conception terminal would cost $632 million, and in October Western LNG Terminal Associates formally requested permission to start construction there. For an additional $117 million a 112-mile, 34-inch diameter pipeline would be built to Bakersfield, where it would connect with existing lines. The PUC must now make a site decision by July 31, 1978, after it has reviewed a study by the California Coastal Commission.

Despite its victory in legislative session, Western LNG Terminal Associates is not yet clear of litigation. Attorneys for the Bixby Ranch Co. near Point Conception have announced their client's intention to block state agencies from processing applications for the LNG terminal in their area. The Sierra Club may join this attempt to prevent construction of the facility. Conservationists may try to repeal the bill Brown signed, and California's ongoing debate over LNG will have to be resolved ultimately by the State Supreme Court.

Meanwhile, Californians will discover whether or not they have enough ingenuity to avoid Procter's predictions of pending economic disasters. □

THE PRICE OF GAS IN TEXAS

CRYSTAL CITY IS COLD

TIM BRICK

While Senators wrangled in Washington for two weeks about natural gas deregulation legislation that one of them called "the greatest unarmed robbery of our time," a small city in south Texas experienced the effects the Senate debated. On September 24 gas service was cut off to Crystal City, the birthplace of La Raza Unida Party, because deregulated prices there (which the city refused to pay) have already reached the level that the joint House Senate conference committee is expected to set this month, now that the Senate has approved the Bentsen-Pearson deregulation bill.

The cutoff, coming after a series of adverse decisions in state courts, has temporarily deprived most residents of the agriculture-oriented town of hot water, cooking and heating facilities. Hot plates, propane and outdoor fires are now filling in for the lost natural gas, while city officials search for more long-term solutions. But Gregorio Barrios, press representative for the city, stresses that the real message from south Texas is not one of deprivation but confrontation: Crystal City is standing up to the gas monopoly.

The defiance began in early 1975, when Lo-Vaca Gathering Company of Houston, which distributes gas to 200 Texas cities, announced a 500 percent rate increase.

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In one jump, the price for 1,000 cubic feet (mcf) soared from 35¢ to $2. Most of the affected Texas cities, which resell the gas to their residents, balked for a time and then complied. Crystal City, stimulated by the new-found political power of the Mexican-American majority there, dug in when it became clear that many residents would be unable to pay the $2 price. On March 11, 1975, the City Council, composed of La Raza Unida Party members, unanimously passed an ordinance insisting that Lo-Vaca abide by the terms of its 1972 contract with the city, which specified a price of 35¢ per mcf.

From that decision has followed a two-and-a-half-year legal and political battle, in which the 8,000 inhabitants of one of the poorest cities in Texas have had to combat not only Lo-Vaca and the oil-gas industry, but also some of the most powerful political forces in Texas. Joe Jaworski, Lo-Vaca's attorney, has delivered the considerable influence of his father, Leon, the Watergate prosecutor and Koreagate sleuth. The Jaworskis are close friends of state district court Judge Weatherby, who was designated to hear the case, and of Texas Gov. Dolph Briscoe, who has labeled the community "a little Cuba." And Lloyd Bentsen, from whom Mayor Francisco Benavides of Crystal City has sought support on several futile trips to Washington, is the Texas Senator who co-sponsored the Senate-approved deregulation proposal.

Natural gas has been regulated by the Federal Power Commission since 1954. The formula used has allowed the producer to recover costs, plus a set percentage for profit, but in recent years the producers have repeatedly claimed that this doesn't offer sufficient incentives for the exploration and production of new supplies of the clean-burning fuel. They hold that the price of natural gas should float to the price equivalent of oil or even higher, since it is a more desirable fuel.

Consumer groups have fought a bitter, losing battle against this argument since the early 1970s. Regulatory agencies, they say, should protect consumers, already hard hit by energy price hikes, from such unwarranted gouging. Market restraints do not check the price of energy sources increasingly controlled by a few giant corporations. Bending to such blackmail will accelerate the inflationary spiral, without significantly increasing new supplies. If that were not so, recent price increases should have produced supplies to stem last winter's shortage. Instead, the consumer advocates charge, the collapse of federal regulatory responsibility has encouraged producers to withhold gas already discovered in anticipation of higher prices, and to break supply commitments in order to charge more for old supplies.

In 1970, when the Nixon-appointed Federal Power Commission adopted the position of the gas industry, the regulated price of gas stood at 17¢ per mcf for new supplies. Each time the industry asked the FPC for a price hike, it pledged that this would generate new supplies, but by June 1976, when the price had reached 52¢ per mcf, production of natural gas was continuing to decline. In July 1976, the FPC, reacting to a Congressional impasse on gas-pricing legislation, virtually deregulated the price by administrative action. It set a mark of $1.42 per mcf, with automatic increases. In the recent Congressional debates, President Carter, who has decried deregulation as a $70 billion rip-off of the American consumer, has proposed a $1.75 price but moved through Vice President Mondale and Senate leadership at a critical point in the Senate debate to break the liberal filibuster led by Senators Abourezk and Metzenbaum. (See "Squeeze Play on the Senate Floor" by Iric Nathanson, *The Nation,* October 29.)

Total deregulation, as approved on October 4 by the Senate, could mean prices as high as $5 per mcf by next year, according to the Congressional Budget Office. Since the House in August approved a proposal similar to Carter's, it is unlikely that the conference committee will lift controls entirely. Instead, it is expected to retain some gutted form of regulation, setting the price at somewhere above $2—the price that Crystal City can't and won't pay. So, although complete decontrol still lies beyond the gas industry's reach, it has accomplished its purpose of dramatically increasing revenues and profits, while undermining federal controls of the oil and gas oligopoly.

Texas has been a test tube in this experiment to flout the public interest. The 1975 price hikes, obtained by Lo-Vaca and other firms, were part of a national deregulation strategy set by the industry. The price of intrastate gas (that used in the state where it is produced) is not controlled by the federal government, so in late 1974, when the producers began their drive to lift the federal restrictions, they first sent rates sky-high in the country's largest gas-producing state. Prices immediately shot to the $2 level. It then followed, so the proponents of deregulation declared, that gas should cost $2 per mcf everywhere, since that is what it costs in unregulated Texas. Crystal City and other Texas cities became the first victims of the deregulation drive.

"Lo-Vaca profits," Gregorio Barrios says, "are this year the highest ever, and they're now demanding another 5 percent increase." The Texas Railroad Commission, analogous to the Public Service or Utilities Commissions in other states, has placed no ceiling on what Lo-Vaca can charge. When the bills first hit, farmers in Pecos watched their farms go to dust because they could no longer afford gas to pump water. Other cities, like San Antonio, 115 miles north of Crystal City, winced but soon gave in. Several communities have passed the $2 price on to their residents, but held the $1.65 above the 35¢ contract price in escrow, awaiting the outcome of Crystal City's legal battle. The La Raza Unida city, however, has charged residents only the original price, building up, Lo-Vaca claims, an $800,000 bill. "These other cities," Barrios says, "are something like a leech—they're using us while offering no verbal, political or legal support."

The city of Uvalde, home of Governor Briscoe, has entered the battle on the other side, refusing to pay Lo-Vaca because Crystal City has not done so. Barrios and Crystal City officials say that such logic amounts to blaming the victim rather than the culprit. They attribute the hostility of Uvalde and other south Texas cities to the fact that in Crystal City the Mexican-American majority has selected its own representatives to run the city, whereas Anglo minorities rule in other cities. "They say we're un-American because we won't pay our bills,"

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Barrios says, "but this is like the Boston Tea Party. We're exercising our constitutional rights to protest this injustice."

Texas politicians have shown the same antagonism. Governor Briscoe claims that the dispute is none of his business, but there are persistent rumors that the Governor wants the city to collapse financially, so that he can put it in receivership and take control. "That's the kind of ridiculous mentality we're faced with," says Barrios, who is also head of the art and journalism department at Crystal City High School. "The thing that is comforting, though, is that the people are behind this 100 percent."

The intransigence of Texan elected officials came to national notice five days after the Crystal City shut-off when Sen. Edward Kennedy, who had read about the situation in a newspaper, arranged a relief grant of $250,000 for the impoverished community. Of this sum, $100,000 will go to provide hot plates, heaters and other needed hardware to Crystal City residents, 40 percent of whom live below the poverty level. While the embattled community appreciates such aid, it's not enough to get the gas flowing and it won't make it affordable to Crystal City inhabitants. "There are people in Crystal City who can afford the hike," says Barrios, "but that's not the point. There are people who can't, and we're standing together."

City officials have examined other heating sources such as butane, propane and trucked-in gas but have found the costs prohibitive. Now they are exploring the possibilities of tapping gas reserves that lie underneath the city, solar energy and other long-term alternatives that would free Crystal City from the Lo-Vaca monopoly.

Soon the rest of the country will be facing the gas prices that Crystal City has resisted. The tiny Texas town could well be just the first of thousands of similar communities that can't afford the soaring price of energy. And Crystal City's decision to stand together demonstrates the kind of unity and courage that could challenge the gas industry all across the country. □

HOW THEY KEPT THE TRUST

Ida Tarbell's John D. Rockefeller

ROBERT STINSON

Seventy-five years ago this month, in November 1902, the first chapter of Ida M. Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Company* appeared in *McClure's* magazine. A sensation in its time, Tarbell's work quickly became a classic of muckraking. What it did for society of the Progressive era was not so much to reveal previously unknown facts about the rise of the Standard trust as to *characterize* Standard and judge it against the background of real and imagined social and economic patterns of the 19th century. In her hands, Standard Oil became an unforgettable archetype of new and unsettling developments in corporate aggregation. And Tarbell's *History* has contemporary relevance; it is a warning flag concerning organizational patterns whose dimensions are more clearly recognized in our own time.

The completed book was published in 1904 in a weighty two volumes that belie its almost casual origin. Tarbell had joined the editorial staff of *McClure's* in the mid-1890s when *McClure's* was an undistinguished but popular family magazine. Avoiding controversy, it offered its few hundred thousand readers illustrated articles on travel and the wonders of science, along with a selection of sentimental fiction. Then, in the spring of 1898, the Spanish-American War came along, to arouse in *McClure's* a spirit of jingoism, but also a new appreciation of its role as spokesman for the public interest. The jingoism passed, but the civic interest—articles about public men and public policy—remained. Tarbell stayed, too, and was joined by Ray Stannard Baker and Lincoln Steffens. The three of them, with S. S. McClure, its quixotic publisher, steered the magazine's editorial policy in the direction of "muckraking," the exposure of corruption in government and business. They had, said Tarbell, "tasted blood."

What did not change, however, was *McClure's* need to keep an ear cocked to popular interest as the editors looked for articles. In 1901 everyone seemed to be talking about trusts, a device for linking corporations into huge industrial monopolies by uniting their voting stock under a single leadership.

Tarbell, sitting in *McClure's* New York editorial office, wrote to Ray Stannard Baker, then on assignment in California, and tried to interest him in a trust series. But she warned that "descriptive articles of great plants, railroads, etc., have been done until the theme is hackneyed. What I am struggling with is . . . a new plan of attack: how can it be done, so as to give a big idea of what is really going on, in an entirely fresh and novel way?" Answering one question with another, Tarbell continued: "Could we do it by telling the life history of, say, a great coal collier; a great steel plant showing its small beginning as an individual enterprise, its growth, its forced alliance to get transportation, its combination with other colliers to defend the rights, and so on, until it is finally absorbed into a great Trust [?]" Then, thinking of recent articles about training wild animals, she concluded, "I have a fancy that we might handle the collier or steel plant very much as Hulbert handles an animal: give it an individuality, a human quality, that is, tell its life

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Alfred Cheney Johnson, The New York Times
Ida M. Tarbell

history" (from letter in The Baker Papers, Library of Congress).

History and personality—she was dictating the very format and theme of her own later *History of the Standard Oil Company*, but she had not thought yet of writing the series herself. Perhaps because the United States Steel Corporation, the first billion-dollar company, was born that year, Baker chose steel and prepared an article for the November 1901 issue. It had few of the qualities Tarbell wanted, and Baker was not asked to follow it up.

Therefore, in the fall of 1901, Tarbell decided to take up the idea herself and prepared an outline for a detailed history of Standard Oil. The choice was hardly surprising, considering that much of her own family history was tied up with Pennsylvania's Oil Region (so styled in capitals, since at that time oil had been found nowhere else in the country). It was only surprising that she had not thought of oil before she thought of coal or steel. S.S. McClure was in Switzerland taking a rest cure for his periodic exhaustion, so she went to Lausanne to get his approval. McClure invited her to travel with him and his wife while they talked the project over, and by the time they reached the mud baths of Salsomaggiore in Italy he told her to go ahead.

Tarbell read widely among public records and even interviewed Henry Huddleston Rogers, a lieutenant of John D. Rockefeller, Standard's founder. But the most vital source, at least of her indignation, was her own experience growing up in Pennsylvania's Oil Region. Born in Erie County in 1857, Tarbell was part of a family that earned its living from oil. Her father, Frank Tarbell, made wooden storage tanks for the oil others pumped out of the ground; in time, he became a small producer himself.

The opening chapter of the *History of the Standard Oil Company*, with its compelling evocation of the social and moral chaos resulting from the Oil Region's hasty transformation from an agricultural to an industrial society, owes much of its power to Tarbell's own watchful experience of it. Nature scarred by oil spills and men burned in terrible fires were things she saw with her own eyes. Prostitutes and whiskey sellers came to the Oil Region, moving from one community to another on big flatboats completely outfitted for their trades. "They came to Rouseville," she recalled from her girlhood there, "—a collection of pine shanties and oil derricks built on a muddy flat—as forlorn and disreputable a town in appearance as the earth ever saw. They tied up for trade, and the next morning woke up from their brawl to find themselves twenty miles away, floating down the Allegheny River. Rouseville meant to be decent. She had cut them loose, and by such summary vigilance she kept herself decent."

Dealing with vice seemed simple enough, but not so the larger problem of business ethics. Among her book's several "messages," the most obvious one was that Standard Oil achieved dominance only through high-handed tactics of competition. As she told the story, it all started in 1870 when John D. Rockefeller formed the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland and the next year joined the South Improvement Company. South Improvement was an aggregate of shippers and refiners which pressured and deceived the three railways that linked the Oil Region with its Eastern and Western markets into granting secret rebates to the company's members. Refiners outside the combination paid higher transportation rates and, though they did not know it, were put at a further disadvantage because the railroads supplied information concerning the volume and destination of their shipments to the South Improvement Company.

From then on the rise of the Standard Oil monopoly was the story of war between Standard and the independent refiners, or between Standard and the oil producers. The weapons of conquest were the rebate, ruthless price cutting, industrial espionage and bribery of public officials. The stakes were high—control of rail transportation and pipelines, key oil fields and the whole industry from production to markets—so the fighting could turn vicious. Standard would stop at nothing, Tarbell said, to force a Cleveland woman into selling her dead husband's refinery for a fraction of its worth, and men told stories of Rockefeller agents who practically gave away illuminating oil to drive the crippled push-cart vendors of Standard's rivals off the streets.

Tarbell said all this was unethical: railways were

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common carriers and ought not to have engaged in rate discrimination; Standard's secrecy had the look of conspiracy, while its attempt to spy into the secrets of its competitors violated the legitimate privacy of others. And, since in general Rockefeller elevated the pursuit of money above humanity, his organization was an affront to morality. Any business conducted this way was suspect, but when its result was the monopolization of a staple commodity to create unnaturally high consumer prices, the behavior was intolerable.

All of this was explicit. A little less so, because it was implicit in Tarbell's habits of thought, was the second theme: that whatever happened in the oil business—or presumably any business—was simply the extension of individual personalities. No uncontrollable impersonal forces shaped life in the Oil Region. For good or ill, people made things happen. Understood in these terms, the origins of Standard's evil seemed easier to locate and, perhaps, easier to correct as well.

She might have drawn on the popular imagery of the Oil Region and portrayed the Standard trust as a kind of animal organism—"the Monster," as it was known where she grew up, or "the Anaconda." That was the approach she had suggested to Ray Stannard Baker. Instead, Tarbell drew upon another popular legend—that of John D. Rockefeller himself. She and everyone else in the Oil Region had learned to link him with the expanding Standard monopoly. He had become a folk symbol, larger than life and sinister. When he appeared on the streets of Titusville or some other town, everyone knew he was there; and when, more often, he was away from the Region, his very absence created a vacuum which people filled with their imaginings of what he did and how he looked.

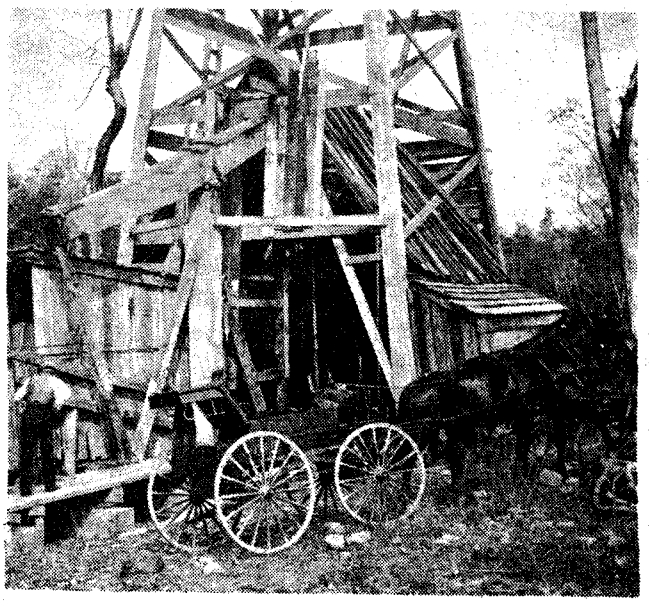
Heavy emphasis on personalities had been *McClure's* editorial policy for years and, in any case, Tarbell had built her own reputation in the 1890s by writing popular lives of Napoleon and Lincoln. Indeed, since she had never written on business and economics before undertaking the *History of the Standard Oil Company*, the primary talent she brought to the task was her skill as a biographer.

The Rockefeller that emerged from her pages was a sort of ogre, an unnatural man, even at one point a "Mephistopheles," but the fright came not so much from what he looked like or even what he said. His power lay in an awful silence. "I remember how little he said," an independent Titusville refiner told of a refiner's meeting. "Everybody talked except Mr. Rockefeller. He sat in a rocking chair, softly swinging back and forth [,] his hands over his face. I got pretty excited when I saw how those South Improvement men were pulling the wool over our men's eyes, and making them believe we were all going to the dogs if there wasn't an immediate combination to put up the price of refined and prevent new people from coming into the business, and I made a speech which I guess, was pretty warlike. Well, right in the middle of it John Rockefeller stopped rocking and took down his hands and looked at me. You never saw such eyes. He took me all in, saw just how much fight he could expect from me, and I knew it, and then up went his hands and back and forth went his chair."

According to Tarbell, Rockefeller had risen from rags to riches in a perversion of the 19th-century success ethic. He had not so much fought his way to the top as he had calculated his way. As a youthful clerk he was "one of the early-and-late sort, who saw everything, forgot nothing and never talked." His apprenticeship done, he built a career and then an empire in the manner of Napoleon (a frequent image for Tarbell), "studding a map with red-headed pegs marking the points he must capture. . . ." He was everything that a romantic democracy abhorred. Where America was open and public, Rockefeller was closed, private; where America stood for free enterprise, he stood for monopoly; and where American businessmen, typified in Tarbell's mind by the independent refiners, pursued their work with a sentimental love and devotion close to family loyalty, Rockefeller pursued his with cool rationality. It followed that what he created was evil, for as Tarbell quoted Ralph Waldo Emerson on the frontispiece of her book, "An Institution is the lengthened shadow of one man."

Rockefeller's secretive nature made the task of reconstructing his character difficult, and once Tarbell tolerated a breach of ethics herself in order to get around it. McClure believed that no article was worth publishing unless it were lavishly illustrated with unusual photographs. Except for the few standard newspaper portraits, however, photographs of John D. Rockefeller and his family were rare. Intimate poses presumably existed, but they evidently never circulated outside the family.

Tarbell had in Cleveland a research assistant, John M. Siddall, who looked into the matter and discovered that a local photographer did indeed have a confidential file of Rockefeller plates. Siddall asked if he could have copies, and the man refused. Then Siddall remembered a photographer friend who lived in Oberlin, "a Kentuckian," as he reported the tale to Tarbell, "—one of the daring and quiet kind—tall, dark, cold eyed, silent—the sort of chap who would as leave shoot a man as not, if he thought such a thing necessary." Siddall did not expect to use the violent side of his friend's character but, be-



Well Near Titusville, Pa., 1903

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cause he had done him some favors once, he asked his help in getting to the Rockefeller pictures. The Oberlin photographer visited the Cleveland man several times on small matters, to establish himself in his good graces. He then concocted the story that he represented a distant Rockefeller relative who needed some family pictures and asked the Cleveland photographer if he could make copies from the confidential plates. They struck a bargain: Siddall's friend gave the man $50 of *McClure's* money and came away with prints of everything he had. Touched up slightly in background details, pictures from this collection appeared with Tarbell's character study of Rockefeller which *McClure's* published in July 1905. (Siddall wrote to Tarbell about this episode in a letter preserved in The Tarbell Papers, at the Drakewell Museum, Titusville, Pa.).

Tarbell's third message was one she seemed reluctant to develop: that organized business alliances to manipulate the production and price of oil were widespread and that their formation was the defining characteristic of business life in the Oil Region. However much Tarbell wanted to cast her story in terms of its leading personality, this alternate pattern always lay just beneath the surface and rose periodically to challenge the simple "robber-baron" thesis.

Her opening chapter describes the first decade after the discovery of oil at Titusville in 1859 as a happy age of free competition among unorganized individual entrepreneurs. "Life ran swift and ruddy and joyous for these men. They were still young, most of them under forty, and they looked forward with all the eagerness of the young who have just learned their powers, to years of struggle and development." Yet even in her account of that pristine age, before Standard's "big hand reached out from nobody knew where," Tarbell had to tell of organized teamsters cutting the lines of the new pipeline companies that challenged their transportation monopoly. Then in the 1870s, '80s and '90s one alliance followed another among producers, refiners, pipeline operators, or all three, who united to limit production or restrict the use of certain pipelines. Many combinations were short-lived, owing to the overzealous independence of these non-Standard "independents," but some, like the Pure Oil trust, organized in 1895, lasted.

Tarbell's apology for these organizations was threefold: first, they were an unfortunate but necessary defense against the mighty Standard organization, which had been the first to challenge the individualist ethic; second, unlike Standard's, their articles of incorporation and their business dealings were public, and third, whatever breaches of ethics they committed resulted from the evil moral tone which Rockefeller had first brought to the Oil Region.

Whatever her explanation, the underlying reality was a tendency toward large-scale business organization that was gradually replacing the world of private entrepreneurs. Tarbell knew that, even if she did not stress it in the first book she wrote about business. Much later, in 1936, she made this the dominant theme of *The Nationalizing of Business, 1878-1898*. In that work she not only recognized the tendency to organize for special advantage but extended that theme to include business aggregates, labor unions, farmers' alliances and other cooperative movements that betokened a general nationalizing of American society. By that time, Franklin Roosevelt was engaged in his famous battle with the United States Supreme Court over a similar issue—the new reality, which the Court failed to recognize, of national commerce carried on by national organizations and in need of national regulation. Tarbell's *Nationalizing of American Business* was cited by at least one reviewer as lending support to FDR.

Meanwhile, two things happened to prevent either Tarbell or Roosevelt from having much effect in what they were doing. First, Tarbell had turned something like an about-face from her old muckraking stance and become an apologist for big business. Her little-known novel, *The Rising of the Tide* (1919), suggests that World War I had something to do with this switch; every social conflict she could think of seemed to find resolution in the crisis of war, including the conflict between muckrakers and businessmen. Tarbell's first postwar work was an admiring biography in 1925 of "Judge" Elbert H. Gary, chief of the United States Steel Corporation. Letters among her private papers suggest that the book was even a "court" biography with Gary retaining a veto over every line she wrote.

Second, and much more important, Standard Oil and the other oil companies kept growing. Even the Supreme Court's dissolution of the Standard trust in 1911, influenced perhaps by Tarbell's work, was unavailing, because many of its former constituent companies continued to cooperate informally and some generated profits larger than the profits of the original trust. Three—Standard Oil of New Jersey, of New York and of California (later known as Exxon, Mobil and Socal)—became part of the "Seven Sisters" of world majors, joining two other Americans, Gulf and Texaco, and two Europeans, British Petroleum and Shell. According to Anthony Sampson, whose *Seven Sisters: The Great Oil Companies and the World They Shaped* (1975) is the modern sequel to Tarbell's book, their worldwide operations made them "forerunners of the modern multinational corporation." Over the decades they sometimes competed as nations compete, but more often they cooperated in hidden understandings to limit production and maintain high prices and profits. The international diplomacy of oil was as much in their hands as in those of national foreign ministries. And, of course, their regulation by single governments, in Washington or elsewhere, was becoming virtually impossible.

We do not think much now about their business ethics; our age has grown too cynical for that. And we do not generally imagine modern oil corporations to be controlled by men with personalities, perhaps because they insist on presenting themselves to us as benevolent but bloodless acronyms. What we are left with from Tarbell's original analysis is her third theme, the triumph of sheer organization—the multinational corporations which have replaced the old trusts as the barely controllable new sovereignties of our time. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Making the Case for Shylock

RICHARD APPIGNANESI & LEONARD QUART

The distinguished English playwright Arnold Wesker is the author of the semi-autobiographical trilogy Chicken Soup with Barley, Roots *and* I'm Talking About Jerusalem *as well as* Chips with Everything, The Kitchen *and* The Old Ones. *His latest play,* The Merchant, *opened in New York on November 16. In it Wesker transforms Shakespeare's venal and peevish Shylock into a passionate man, a lover of books, and an expansive Renaissance figure who is tragically undone by the absurd laws of the Venetian ghetto.*

Interviewers: *You have made the curious remark that your tone of voice is more at home in an American setting. Why should this be the case?*

Wesker: One must be careful about such statements. I can only say that having met lots of Americans, and having read quite a lot of American literature, I've had a feeling over the years that in a strange way I belong, my tone of voice belongs more to the American scene than it does to the English one. Now God help me if *The Merchant* doesn't work in New York. But let's talk about New York and not America, since that's what I'm really referring to. It's to do with the special energy that seems to have been created by the chemical mixture of Jewish personality and American history.

Interviewers: *And yet the American reception of your plays has been somewhat hesitant.*

Wesker: I suppose it's because I've come through the filter of the English climate, and Americans have inevitably taken only those things that have been successful in England. That actually isn't true when I think about it . . . I'm thinking of a play like David Rudkin's *Ashes.* Or perhaps that's the exception that proves the rule. But by and large, the Americans inevitably take what has been a success. And what's been a success in this country is the English tone of voice. Perhaps in a strange way my tone of voice falls between the two seas. Maybe that's what the *Merchant* will prove finally once and for all. That I'm an alien everywhere. I should hate to think so. I have the best and the worst of all worlds. My characters are characters who are interested and animated by ideas in a way that English characters aren't.

Interviewers: *Your tone of voice may be American, but characters with ideas rarely appear in American plays.*

Wesker: That's why I fall between the two stools. Because that's one side, the intellectual one—and on the other the characters are also emotionally energetic, and so they belong to New York where the Jewish energy has free rein. In England, Jewish energy is contained because the English personality is contained, and Jews follow the ways of the country in which they land.

Interviewers: *What about your commitment to knowledge? Is it rooted in your working-class background, and is it a compensation for never having had the benefits of an elite education?*

Wesker: No, I don't think so. I think it's traditional. It's very Jewish, as far as I can make out. This reverence for knowledge—the one thing that makes a *mensch.* I mean, a man is nothing unless he has intellectual curiosity and wants to know and be informed. The pursuit of understanding is a very deep-rooted need in the Jewish personality. Now, I am not sufficiently steeped in Jewish history to trace it right back . . . but the role of prophets in the Jewish community is significant. Prophets are not those who look into the future but those who speak out against the prevailing attitudes of the time. That's what the Greek word means . . . and that is the Jewish tradition of wisdom. And it's not as if I'm saying there are only ideas. Behind my talking about ideas is the awareness that they are a product of men of flesh and frailty.

Interviewers: *In America, wisdom is most often bound by personal, internal experience rather than being a matter of intellectual references or authorities.*

Wesker: I don't see a contradiction between the two. It seems to me you are helped toward self-knowledge by a knowledge of what other men have thought and said. And you are revealed to yourself by them as much as by your own contemplation. I wonder if it's got something to do with the notion of democracy? That it is more democratic to listen to yourself, while the capacity for awe and respect of other men's thoughts is linked with obedience or subservience and control.

Interviewers: *Was the British class system an obstacle for you?*

Wesker: It's not been my experience. My experience has been growing up in an intellectually self-conscious, working-class atmosphere. I didn't even consider the sheer material poverty as underprivileged. I can't accept the existence of an exclusively working-class intellectual tradition. I believe there have been from the beginning of time men from all classes, from all countries, who have been wise, perceptive and imaginative, and they have produced works which have illuminated the condition of us all, and that's the mainstream.

Interviewers: *The moral passion of your plays is at odds with much of contemporary theatre where destruction, irony, and isolation are so much in style.*

Wesker: I've been worried about phrases like "moral passion," because I imagine huge orchestras. It seems, looking back, that I have been preoccupied with characters who care about the society in which they live and the moral behavior of people one to another. That's certainly not special to me.

Interviewers: *Caring about our own needs, yes—but the moral behavior between people? That is unique, and perhaps audiences confronted by the principled passion of your art are nonplused—or even embarrassed.*

Wesker: I would have thought that a play like Albee's *Virginia Woolf* would attract the description "embarrassing" much more than anything I've written. (With the possible exception of *Four Seasons.*) There they are screaming at each other, opening their guts.

Richard Appignanesi is a poet and founder of the Writers and Readers Cooperative. He lives in London. Leonard Quart is an assistant professor of American studies at the College of Staten Island.

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But in none of my plays does that happen.

Interviewers: *Perhaps people are more willing to have their own nakedness displayed on stage than to feel moral emptiness.*

Wesker: I get increasingly worried about this, you see, because I am not concerned with being moral about anything, other than hoping for as just a society as possible, one in which all blemishes and failings can be accommodated.

Interviewers: *You write out of immediate, even personal experience, but you don't pound away at the details of that experience.*

Wesker: I'm not concerned with experience per se. I often feel there is too much banality that occurs between human beings, and I hesitate to repeat it again. The moment at which I begin to write is when the experience seems to me to have lifted itself out of trivia and become significant.

Interviewers: *What does the lifting?*

Wesker: Ah, that's it. That's the way you measure the quality of a writer. Now, if someone says to me the experience of a Communist mother trying to shake her son out of despair is a fairly interesting, dramatic experience, but really not one that is significant to countless generations, or to anyone beyond a few thousand Jews living in London or New York, I can't argue about that. They could be right. I can't make anything more significant than it is, and I wouldn't strain to do so. In my estimation, it is significant of what must have happened to all sorts of people, Jewish or not, in the East End or the Lower East Side.

Interviewers: *Is there a plus value that she* is *Communist?*

Wesker: It's plus only because it's specific; and because specific, also credible. It would have been the same kind of plus if she had been a Catholic believer. Sarah Kahn (in *Chicken Soup with Barley*) does not say *this* is the Communist creed as laid down by Karl Marx and Lenin, and it *must* be so. She thought she could actually relate Communist attitudes to the quality of life, the quality of relationships. To that extent, she was able to say to her sister-in-law in the first act, "You can't have brotherhood without love."

Interviewers: *And that's a Communist statement, in a way?*

Wesker: Yes, but she says it to another Communist who says "Love comes later." And she replies, "No, it comes first." I see it as a human working-out. I suppose it's the experience of the confrontation I had with my mother. I was moved by this human being who was desperately concerned that I survive and not go down into the depths of despair. There's a human action. But I couldn't deny that it was somehow related to her communism. So I didn't pretend that it was something else. That's what it was. She was a Communist, and it all happened around the Communist movement and a Communist incident.

Interviewers: *What was the despair she was trying to shake you out of?*

Wesker: It was a mixture of personal despair (it was a long time ago now) that I was only going to be a chef in a kitchen, and a sense that the working world was debilitating, demoralizing, that in the end so many people would work a whole lifetime and end up with peanuts . . . yes, and the shock of the sense of betrayal of Hungary.

Interviewers: *It was both personally and politically significant for you?*

Wesker: Yes. I had also been shattered by reading *The God That Failed.* You know, it was all happening at the same time. I was deeply involved, writing lots of letters to Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler and Stephen Spender. A terrible time.

Interviewers: *Your own work is so overwhelmingly human that one expects there to be a strong psychological emphasis.*

Wesker: But it's there. I think that quality is forgotten simply because the work shows political concern. It seems as though you can only be one thing or the other before people decide what you're good at. I think I'm not obviously one thing more than the other. I feel many elements of the human tapestry are *there,* but in the right proportion. If you look through all my plays and stories, you'll find that psychological emphasis, seen from all sides: mother and son relationships, fathers, brothers and sisters, friends, lovers, the old, the young. Sometimes the time scale is intense, as in *The Kitchen,* or very expanded, as in *Their Very Own and Golden City.* But it's there—the acknowledgment of the ways, the tiny ways people get into one another and under one another's skin for both destruction and joy. I think what you must do is view all the plays as one human body, and you will see that the heart has been paid attention to, and the liver, the bile, and the intellect. And there it is.

Interviewers: *Do you think now that social or moral concerns can exist outside a specific commitment to socialist politics?*

Wesker: I really do think that it is impossible to talk about this simply, because the word "socialism" means so many different things to so many different people. I would now say, anyway, that I recognize that my preoccupations have been more humanistic than anything else. If I identify my humanism with socialism it would be because it seemed to me that the socialist movement was the one movement that was going to get us nearer to a human society. There have been so many terrible things done in the name of socialism that one has to be very careful about attaching oneself to it or attaching it to oneself. I have just written a piece for the BBC World Service Programme on "The State and the Individual." In it I think I have conceded finally that for me the human being is more important than the state.

Interviewers: *Do you feel you're shying away from socialism because of its unhappy history?*

Wesker: I could take to heart the speech of Sarah Kahn: If I wanted electricity and the electrician makes a mess of the fuse, do I give up electricity? I understand the question. In my most recent story, *The Visit,* I do confront this. All four characters have listened to a taped lecture on classical Marxism by Isaac Deutscher in which he says simply that Marxism meant only one—or recognized only one—thing: that there is a contradiction within capitalist society between the social character of work and the anti-social character of property. And so, Deutscher states that Marx says that this must lead to a bloody conflict and the system must be changed. One of the characters says that's a contradiction of capitalist society. What about the contradiction of socialist society, which could be (and he then paraphrases Deutscher) that there is a contradiction between the social nature of work and the anti-social nature of state control. This is devastating revelation for them. One which I find I'm in the midst of living and grappling with.

Interviewers: *Maybe perfect socialist societies only exist in the imagination.*

Wesker: I don't think I'm really concerned about that. I think I really have reached the stage where I'm no longer

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concerned with movements and political systems in any organized form. I think I must now come clean and acknowledge myself for the artist that I always have been. That is, as an artist who recognizes that human beings are constantly involved in trying to create areas of peace and justice and equality within which men can behave well to each other, and pursue lives which command self-respect; and that when they engage in this, a number of things happen. They meet adverse conditions, and they disappoint themselves. Or they meet a measure of success and recognize that that isn't what they wanted. The artist's function has been recognizing where the individual has fallen short of himself; recognizing where the opposition has been; recognizing where the achievement has fallen short of the expectation. It is the classical role of bearing witness to man's endeavors to make better worlds and live better lives.

Interviewers: *Of course that leaves the notion of better lives totally open-ended.*

Wesker: Well, and so it should be. People should be able to look back on history, and see what has gone wrong and attempt to avoid it. But they shouldn't be able to prescribe the future. The one is analysis, the other is dogma.

Interviewers: *If we can leave the political sphere, we wondered if you see personal despair as somewhat anti-social?*

Wesker: There are people who suck the life force out of others; and so there is a kind of despair, conducted at a personal level, which is suspect because they take such an obvious delight in it, a pleasure. They suck the guts out of other people, and the more they do so, the more they seem to glow. They get rich, they feed, they get fat off the despair of other people. It's anti-social, and it can happen in art. You end up feeling the artist has rather more enjoyed the despair he has spread than been concerned about it. In art you have to earn the right to despair.

Interviewers: *And how do you earn it?*

Wesker: Well, you earn it by having lived through an enormous amount of optimistic energy. People who despair by nature almost don't have the right to it. Some people are just put-downers by nature. Perhaps they have earned their despair, but the way in which they communicate it is draining. There are others who are gentle and rich, and you know they have been battered, bruised and disappointed by others and disappointed by themselves; but somehow there is a gentle quality. It's a perspective that they have because of the cycle that they've lived through. They are aware of how the nature of youth is optimism and how their responsibility is not to hand down the bleakness of their experience to the young. To draw from that experience, yes; but not to let that bleakness be the put-downing blanket. They know how to conduct themselves.

Interviewers: *How does a writer of basically contemporary situations come to write about history? What pushed you or inspired you to write* The Merchant?

Wesker: I'd always felt that Shakespeare's *Merchant* was anti-Semitic. When I saw Jonathan Miller's production which attempted very courageously to set the play in capitalist Victorian

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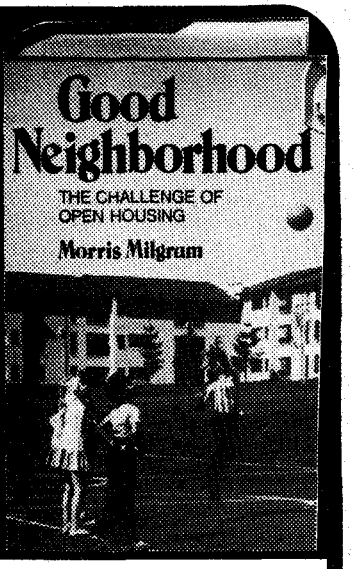

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England, there flashed on me a moment of inspiration, the moment when Portia says, O.K. you can have your pound of flesh, but no blood. I felt that the real Jew, the real Shylock, would have stood up and said, "Thank God!" Now, working backwards from that, how did he get himself involved in a contract which he obviously didn't want to get involved in—a contract about which when it was resolved, he could say "Thank God!" That's one beginning. The other is that the oil embargo was taking place, and I thought "Here we go again," and I really felt trapped as a Jew. It seemed like a familiar situation; and one by one all the Western countries were going down like ninepins. I felt a sense of doom about the Jewish situation, and it occurred to me that it was a cycle. So these were two driving forces. But at the same time, I had always been interested in history, and this gave me an opportunity to read lots of lovely history and get background material. I'm sure there must have been a part of me which felt technically, artistically challenged. All these things came together and the "spirit of the muse" descended upon me. It worked. Cemented it all.

Interviewers: *So you felt the need to confront anti-Semitism?*

Wesker: Yes. One director at England's National Theatre here has put it very interestingly. He said, "I see your plays as a different set of evidence before the court. One man has presented one lot of evidence, and you stood up and said, 'My Lord, I would like to present you with another set of evidence.' " It's an exchange of views. I mean, if you were Shakespeare standing up arguing the play in debate form, I might turn around and say, "Gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Shakespeare has said *this*, but is that the *only* way to look at it?" There are certain facts that Shakespeare didn't know. Perhaps if he had been in possession of the facts he might have arrived at my conclusion.

Interviewers: *But you do suggest that Shakespeare was incapable of seeing the human dilemma of Shylock. Shylock, to him, is a cipher—an anti-Semitic cartoon. So you are in fact indicting Shakespeare, aren't you?*

Wesker: Yes, I do think I am indicting Shakespeare, as far as his portrait of Shylock is concerned. I do feel it is two-dimensional. I know there are lots of people who don't. And they use as evidence his famous speech. What I would say is that to the extent that he gave Shylock that speech, Shakespeare rose above his time—and the expectations of his audience. And that is the measure of his greatness.

Interviewers: *He is too good a dramatist just to give his audience a caricature. But doesn't he merely complicate the caricature?*

Wesker: I think I would agree. That's all he does. Essentially, he has just complicated the caricature of a Jew.

Interviewers: *Do you feel your sense of being a Jew has developed with this play?*

Wesker: I am aware of the big debate that rages around this question, "Who is a Jew?" "What is a Jew?" And I have respect for those who say that a Jew is a man who knows of and acknowledges the religious demands of Jewish teaching. I respect it, but I don't and I can't accept it. Intellectually I might even concede that there is nothing about me that is Jewish. But it seems to me, from the reflections I get back from the mirror, that I am very Jewish. I think that the humanist preoccupation is very Jewish. The story of Adam and Eve, on two levels. God created man in his own image and he is precious, you mustn't harm him. Because in harming him you harm God. I don't hold to the concept of God, but the residue, the sacredness of man, remains with me. And that first myth—creating order out of chaos—I recognize that. Perhaps you might say that makes me human, not Jewish.

Interviewers: *What does your feeling of being Jewish have to do with Zionism?*

Wesker: We must define Zionism. I don't subscribe to the view of Zionism, that the Left has recently put about, as racialist. That is to deny history. No good Marxist would deny history. The history of Zionism is rooted in socialist concerns and values. But the details of Israeli foreign policy, yes, of course, I'd argue with that. Along with a growing minority of Israelis. Even on the *kibbutzim*, they're saying, "Give the West Bank *back*." I have met people who say, "Even halve Jerusalem again." Which is something I don't agree with.

Interviewers: *Is it true someone from a theatre in Israel commented that* The Merchant *was too Jewish?*

Wesker: One head of a theatre there, yes, made the point that it was too "pro-Jewish," and at this moment in Israel's history we needed a bit of anti-Semitism.

Interviewers: *Doesn't he have enough?*

Wesker: I think this is why I enjoy being Jewish—because there are Jews who can stand up and say what he did. I know of no Arab intellectual who would dare stand up and say somethink like that. I think that bewilders the world, and I enjoy that kind of perspective which the Jew is in command of.

Interviewers: *You mean a sense of irony and self-criticism?*

Wesker: Yes. And self-mockery.

Interviewers: *There is a strong sense of disillusionment in* The Merchant. *Are you saying life's always been like that, and history doesn't hold out much hope?*

Wesker: It is a play in which, at moments, a man is at the height of his enthusiasm for life and human beings but, at other times, must confront how awful they are. Shylock is destroyed by another side of man. Yes, there is one side of man that produces the Renaissance. There's another which produced the ghetto and the barbaric laws that Shylock attempted to mock. Now I would be a bad writer if I showed only one side and not the other. And what I claim for my work is that within each work, and within the body of the work as a whole, there exists side by side these two forces, these two faces of man. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The Joffrey Ballet's new productions of *Jazz Calendar* and *Les Patineurs* bring the Frederick Ashton wing of its repertory up to five ballets; the others are *The Dream, Monotones* and *Façade*. Five ballets by this British choreographer is big news in a country where he has always been a specter, hanging over us as a dimly perceived reputation, lapping at the shores of Balanchine-land. He is the "other" great choreographer. Of those ballets the Joffrey makes available now, certainly *The Dream* certifies his greatness. In a sense it culminates in what many critics, aestheticians and audiences have felt ballet ought to be since the time of Noverre—a unified dance-drama employing classic technique. What makes *The Dream* fairly unique among its kind is that it serves faithfully both the text (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) and classically trained dancers.

Ashton's greatness is not the issue, however, because it is so readily grasped.

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Anyone who has seen *Enigma Variations* or *La Fille Mal Gardée* or *The Dream* can intuit that he is witnessing a truly creative mind in full flower. It's the work in the middle ground that's always slippery, and yet one cannot claim first-name knowledge of an artist until that ground is clearly defined. With Ashton that knowledge is all the more difficult to come by because he seems to be particularly fond of the category known as minor work. Chalk it up to the Englishness epitomized by E.M. Forster, but one detects in Ashton a great expenditure of energy on the nice ballet, the one small in effect. With Balanchine, minorness usually refers to quality. He may have composed certain of his ballets with the intention of making them small, but in fact the only small thing about *Allegro Brilliante* or *Donizetti Variations* is the number of dancers in the cast; the only small thing about *Le Tombeau de Couperin* is the steps. I cannot think of a first-rate "nice" Balanchine ballet. Is it possible to say of Ashton that some of his best ballets are the very nice ones, the utterly pleasant ones?

Such claims have been made for *Les Patineurs*, but not without some strange complications. Because it proceeds from the silly, perhaps banal, conceit of dancer as ice skater, critics have generally had to make a fetish of its underlying excellence. They point to its solid, and technically difficult, choreography and then go one step further: its excellence has something to do with its pleasantness, its lack of importance. Take that yet another step and Ashton becomes a great choreographer because he is a master of the insignificant. At its worst, this sensibility makes a cult of the minor; at its best, it is English. (I am reminded of an Arnold Haskell anecdote about Diaghilev's impatience with the significance some of his English dancers attached to a proper country outing.) At best or worst, the sensibility is foreign to Americans as well as to Russians. For me, *Les Patineurs* has always struck at the heart of the Ashton problem. Its extreme self-confidence in the right to be trivial—to have dancers make like ice skaters—has not made it any the less lightweight. One could find an entertainment value in the difficulty of the dancing, yes; and there was always Ashton's straight-faced treatment of the essentially minor score (Meyerbeer) to chuckle over. The connection between this kind of wit and the wit inherent in the category minor masterpiece or brilliant insignificance is clear enough. Yet to unravel all the ironies contained in serious unseriousness and unserious seriousness puts undue strain on a ballet whose chief virtue is supposed to be good entertainment.

The Joffrey's production of *Les Patineurs*, staged by Brian Shaw, clears the air. *Les Patineurs* is still somewhere in Ashton's middle ground, but its stride is vital and robust. One still would not want to call it more than utterly pleasant, but because it is so very much that, there is no need to dig around for inverted virtues. The reason, I think, that *Les Patineurs* emerges with full self-confidence in what it is, rather than in what it does not want to be, revolves around a detail. The Joffrey Ballet has discovered that, although *Les Patineurs* continually alludes to skating gestures, it is really a jumping ballet. The Joffrey boasts a number of wonderful jumpers,

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My grandmother complains that her memory
of the present is failing while the past
comes back unbidden. As if
what each cell holds is briefly
lit by its own going out, like the writing
on paper fed to a fire. Or: as the cells
collapse, bubbles of information rise
to the surface. She is light-
headed, drunk on her own past.

It is the brain sketching, restless
in the dark. It is the finale,
with diminishing pauses between
skyrockets and sunbursts. It is a field
of small yellow flowers, wild madder,
bedstraw, a place to lie down. I ask her
to tell me stories, to describe what she sees.

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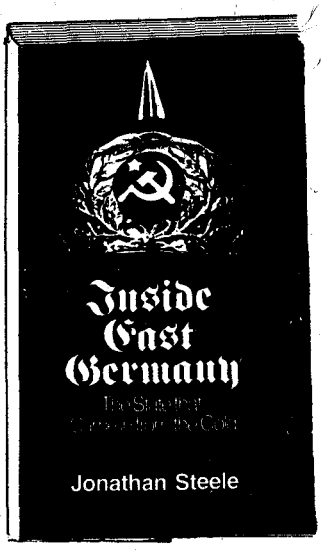

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and they give each jump its full measure. The stress they put into the preparations for those jumps and their hearty rebounds from them coincide with Meyerbeer's hefty oom-pah-pahs, and so the whole ballet becomes a great rollicking parade of emphatic downbeats. The more superficial connections with ice skating—such as dancing with hands behind one's back and falling down—are replaced by a truer connection. In the dancers' frank thrusts off the floor we sense the skater's powerful thrusts forward for the long glide. By clarifying the connection between jumping and ice skating the Joffrey Ballet turns *Les Patineurs* into a plausible conceit rather than a thin pretense. Perhaps thinness is the allure to those who would define major work as minor work in disguise. For me, its new plausibility and the sheer oomph-power of jumping to Meyerbeer makes *Les Patineurs* a damn good show.

Another aspect of *Les Patineurs'* new vitality may be found in the dancers' wholehearted enjoyment of their prowess. They don't dance it as a major minor ballet; they dance it as a sturdy workout. The two spinning girls, Francesca Corkle and Ann Marie De Angelo, take their variations as an opportunity to break the speed record. Frank showoffs, they are endearing for the frankness. Mark Goldweber's difficult passages as the star skater end with flip arm gestures, but the pleased-as-punch smile on his face is a refreshing confirmation of the real facts; he's happy to have come through all that tricky stuff right side up, and he's delighted by the audience's delight in his feat. If Ashton's faint references to Victorian manners are lost in the dancers' American manners, they are recaptured in the newly restored costumes of William Chappell, whose subtle browns, blues and reds have infinitely more patina and charm than Cecil Beaton's Easter bunny colors for American Ballet Theatre's extant version.

The Joffrey's *Les Patineurs* illuminates the high ranges of Ashton's middle ground. Specifically, it explains how a merely nice ballet can survive for as long as forty years. Considerations of category quite aside, *Les Patineurs* at the Joffrey is definitely a hit. *Jazz Calendar* is not. One is interested in it for its exposition of the low ranges in Ashton's middle ground. Although he is renowned for his satirical gifts in *Façade* and other ballets, *Jazz Calendar* shows us the satirist hoist with his own petard. The butt is hokey glamour—chrome-plated music, overproduced décor, sleazy jazz dance, hyper energy. *Jazz Calendar* is a Britisher's Hawaiian number. Trouble is, it often *is* a Hawaiian number. What keeps it in the middle ground is a bubbling inventiveness in character dance and the kind of witty treatment given Monday's dance, the child "fair of face," in which Ashton transforms a stock hand gesture indicating beauty of face into a signature of uncompromising vanity.

Five ballets from a choreographer of some 135 is hardly a representation, but right now the Joffrey is probably performing more Ashton than his home company, the Royal Ballet. A season that unveils Saint-Léon for the first time via *La Vivandière* and helps Ashton to become a rounder character is distinguished by definition. The icing was a surprise guest appearance by the Royal Ballet's Anthony Dowell in *The Dream*. Ashton created Oberon for Dowell, which is another way of saying that Dowell will always look good in this role, come hell or high water. It is only a slight exaggeration to note that we saw Dowell under such circumstances. He has just returned from a year's leave of absence. The flashing eyes that in stronger days complemented flashing pirouettes and dart-quick pings into crooning arabesques were here being used to convey what polite people call presence. Presence of eye is the last thing one wants from a dancer who usually has presence of muscle—who when turning creates the illusion of an ascending spiral, who can return a wanton Titania to her rightful place with the curved-bow shape of his arabesque. Still, it is reassuring to find this great dancer back in *his* rightful place, even though it forces one to ponder the fragility of technical capacity and to wish for its return. □

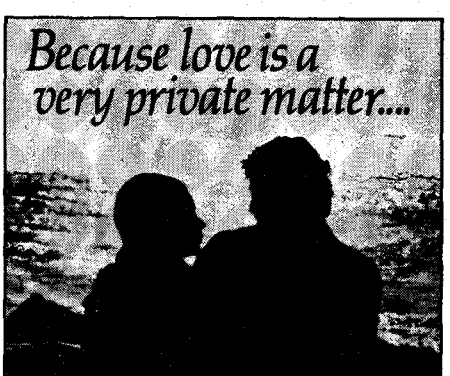
THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

There are plays which arouse thoughts. I do not mean plays like *Oedipus Rex*, *Hamlet* or *Brand*; I mean plays like *Chez Nous* (at the Manhattan Theatre Club) and *Brontosaurus* (recently at the Circle Repertory Company). The thoughts aroused in these cases spring not so much from the plays themselves as from marginal matters that the plays call to mind. As Stark Young once put it to me, "I find myself being absorbed by certain plays not for what they contain but for what I think about as I watch them!"

Peter Nichols, the author of *Chez Nous*, has written more arresting plays —*Joe Egg*, *The National Health*. All of them are examples of the present-day English malaise. In one way or another (sometimes the discomfort is more social than personal), these plays correspond to the French expression, "I am not at ease in my skin!" The trouble is to be observed throughout the Western world, but it is epidemic in England.

Somewhat unfocused in structure, *Chez Nous* deals with various sorts of marital dissatisfaction. One man, a pediatrician, feels he has missed a full sex life—he was a virgin till he was married—and now seeks the adventure of adultery. He has a friend, an architect, who yearns to have a son. (The man's wife had a child out of wedlock before their marriage, but cannot now have another.) The pediatrician and his wife have come from London to a place in southern France—a sort of festive hideaway—because they have been informed that their 14-year-old daughter has become pregnant. They assume that some unknown village boy is the father, and after the child's birth pretend that it is their own. But they later learn that the responsible man is the architect friend, now eager to "share" the child. There



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are still further complications, but there is no breakthrough: everything more or less reverts to the settled family pattern.

In the course of the evening there is much talk about the physically disagreeable and unromantic aspects of marital cohabitation. Bold frankness is one of the characteristics of the contemporary theatre, especially in England. It is the "modern" note. We are supposed to be amused rather than embarrassed by it. But it embarrasses me because, like pornography, it is so boring.

It is boring because we know it all. To learn about sex an adult does not have to see it performed by strangers. The sight, unless one is sick, is not erotic, for one is uninvolved. The visualization eliminates all sense of love or affection, the reality of human connection in its emotional fullness. An anatomical chart or the dissection of a body does not tell us what people are like. We need not be reminded that to a degree we are "machines"; that we are not simply a collection of organs. The healthy person's appetite is not cut off by a picture or a description of the entire digestive process. The untrammeled "honesty" and "realism" of such exhibitions and verbalizations divorce us from the reality of life's context.

The part is not the whole. To mistake one for the other is crippling. It may be that many are now so crippled, but it is a distortion of vision and thought to assume that such a crippled state represents humankind.

Lanford Wilson, author of a number of vital plays, notably *The Mound Builders* and the more popular *Hot L Baltimore*, has written in *Brontosaurus* a one-hour piece which is less a drama than a statement of or an approach to an attitude. It is gracefully, though perhaps too self-consciously, written, interesting in its suggestion of a present-day dilemma.

A prosperous woman antique dealer, of whom we learn little except that she has no husband or lover, invites her nephew with whom she is not well acquainted to stay at her apartment. The young man, a student preparing for the ministry, speaks of a momentary episode or revelation in his life when he felt he was touched by the hand of God. Ascetic in his habits, without material resources, he rejects his aunt's hospitality. He wishes to stay with friends of similar disposition: young people who would cut themselves off from the vain commerce of ordinary society. The nephew's rejection is a challenge to his aunt's presumably superficial mode of life. Being a thoughtful, indeed a sophisticated, woman, she tells her nephew to scram. *She* accepts her life with all its trivialities, disappointments, absurdities, wounds and loneliness: she is not afraid.

The play is thus very nearly an abstraction. The woman is the brontosaurus of the title; the older generation, a relic of the past. The nephew is the new youth (or part of it), those who abjure the world we live in, the seekers of purity. Wilson intimates here that he too, for all the surrounding and inner distress, is not afraid of the world. It is, if you will, an existentialist position.

The value of the play is that, though rather "disembodied," it is a declaration of a certain faith. It opposes a retreat from the mundane, withdrawal into transcendence. This, one may agree, is sound and brave enough, but it does not suffice; one must demand more of oneself than not to be afraid. One must *act*, engage oneself in a struggle based on values we establish for ourselves. What is demanded (even in the case of a traditional value) is a personal choice of commitment toward an end for which there can be no guarantee of "success." The act alone is its own fulfillment, the only freedom.

In what is almost a soliloquy, Tanya Berezin speaks the part of the "Antique Dealer," a designation, like brontosaurus, emblematic of her views. In all her roles—she has appeared in many of the Circle Repertory Company productions—Ms. Berezin has been an impressive actress; she always makes us feel that we are in the presence of a *person*, not merely a stage instrument.

If you wish added testimony to the horror of life for the blacks in South Africa see *Survival*, played by its four authors. (Astor Place Theatre.) □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The retrospective of Jasper Johns at the Whitney Museum (until January 22) is his second. The first was at the Jewish Museum in 1964 when he was 34 years old—an example of the idea popular in the 1960s that retrospectives were only for the young. As an early starter he has been before the public for more than twenty years and he is now 47, still quite young for a retrospective as these things go. He had a decisive beginning: on the one hand influential on Frank Stella and Kenneth Noland; on the other embraced by the Museum of Modern Art. He is an artist of talent (manual control) and conscience (systematic, nonflighty development).

During this twenty years of visibility most art critics, myself included, have done their bit on him and I cannot blame him for wanting a change. He selected Michael Crichton to write the catalogue for his retrospective. Crichton is the author of *The Andromeda Strain* and other pop novels, from which it seems he made enough money to become an art collector. It was clever to give him the catalogue, but the result is odd, and for a reason that lies in the nature of the author's gifts.

Johns underestimated Crichton's adaptiveness. *The Andromeda Strain*—as professional science-fiction reviewers, but not the literary reviewers, pointed out—was, thematically, primitive 1930s pulp fiction, but it was narrated with the cool aplomb characteristic of recent spy stories (with memos and schedules and chains of command). In his *Jasper Johns* Crichton is no less sedulous of traditional models, this time of the art critics that Johns seems to have wanted to avoid. Thus Crichton expounds

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Johns's works chronologically and in a 100-page text uses 182 footnotes. He has written a normal museum catalogue, with the merits of orderly presentation and the advantage of consultation with the artist who "submitted cheerfully to many interviews over a period of eight months in 1976." (And why not?—it was in his interest to cooperate.)

The book opens with "Impressions of the Artist," a montage of disparate quotations and anecdotes to show what a paradoxical fellow Johns is. This section is a barefaced imitation of John Cage's *Jasper Johns: Stories and Ideas,* written on the occasion of the first retrospective. Then there is a long "Brief History of the Work" which takes us through Johns's work in sequence, often informatively. However it is a history without biography, a strictly formalist account of pictorial development. Crichton does raise the possibility of "desperation" in the work of 1961-64, the period during which Johns changed from an aphoristic to a discursive style, from neat to untidy, from single objects to clusters of them. Crichton does not want to say whether this desperation is "in the mind of the artist or the critic." However, 3 pages later he writes: "Carried much further, Johns would have inevitably declined into either immobility, total paralysis—or the indecipherable internal references of the schizophrenic." Well, that would seem to locate it in Johns's mind, not the critic's, but what is it all about? No answer from Crichton, though he tells us that happily "a trip to Hawaii and Japan" saved Johns. Crichton should either tell more or refrain from claiming psychic prestige for his artist on the basis of veiled crises. In any case, the disjunctive mode of colliding parts which begins in these years is the basis of Johns's later style, so that, according to the work, the "desperation" seems a constituent of the later paintings.

One last complaint about Crichton: he has picked up, again from art critics, a mode of writing that is persistently inflationary, raising the stakes by unverifiable verbiage. For instance, he claims that what he calls "the Johnsian system of thought . . . has an analogue in physics." What follows from this? "And, like physics, the development of Johns's thought has carried him further and further from 'common sense' conceptions of the world." Routine art criticism is full of these loose pairings, in which the glamour of one field of knowledge is rubbed onto one's favorite artist in acts of flattery and promotion. If the later art of Johns is beyond "common sense," is this to be related to his "desperation"? There *appears* to be a connection, but if so why, since the position is one he shares with hip physicists?

Johns's drawings of 1955 and after suggest the influence of Georges Seurat's graphite drawings, those infinitely subtle gradients of black through gray to white. Such inflections are also found in Johns's paintings, as, for example, in the exquisite blue monochrome "Tango" or the "White Flag," both of 1955, which was certainly a marvelous year for the artist. As time passes, avant-garde art gradually releases its traditional connections: the shock of unfamiliarity is replaced by attentive comparison. Barbara Rose has pointed to links between Johns and 19th-century *trompe l'oeil* artists. Another link, that now seems obvious but was not always so, is Johns's Whistlerian aspect. He is a distinguished member of the tradition of American tonalism, at least until the end of the 1950s. After that, monochrome and delicate surface variation begin to fray, and then break completely by 1962. Johns's later paintings, though not his prints, dismiss the canon of tonal modulation and pursue the contrast of bright, not to say garish, colors.

The core of the late work is a series of big, horizontal paintings, extrapolated I should say from Robert Rauschenberg's combine-paintings, such as "Rebus" (1955), "Allegory" (1959-60) and "Ace" (1962). The latter painting was done the year before Johns's "Diver," the first large painting to exemplify the new style fully. Both works are multi-paneled and both simulate interior walls, implying unmistakably the studio. Thus the picture space is a metaphor of the work place. All this begins in Crichton's period of "desperation," but we remain unenlightened for all his melodramatic hints. □

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Luis Buñuel in his time has subjected us to some severe, not to say cruel, texts (viz., *Viridiana, The Exterminating Angel, Belle de Jour*). But of recent years he seems to have relaxed into a happy, if still satiric, laughter that charmingly illuminates this seventh decade of his life. Presumably, he has by now seen so much human perversity that it can no longer anger him; on the contrary, he finds it refreshing.

This late mood had been emerging in flashes for some time in Buñuel's films, but he first really unfurled it in *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, a movie which, it will be remembered, took as its basic text the inability of the filthy rich to gather around a table and enjoy a meal in peaceful decorum. The obstacles that Buñuel placed in the way of that modest goal were memorably hilarious. Now in *That Obscure Object of Desire* ("suggested by" Pierre Louys's *La Femme et le Pantin*) Buñuel has a related theme. Mathieu (Fernando Rey), a man who has everything, is nevertheless unable to possess himself of what should be the easiest of objects for a man of incalculable wealth, charm and experience—a girl of great beauty, amorous disposition and no visible means of support.

Mathieu, who has distilled his experience of life to the gratification of discriminating tastes, finds this frustration of his wholly reasonable expectations so incomprehensible that, now in the years of his mature sophistication, he conceives an all-consuming, utterly adolescent passion for Conchita, a housemaid, hat-check girl, sometime flamenco dancer living in slum exile from Spain with her pious but readily complacent mother. It becomes a nightmare—perhaps even literally so. For one thing, Conchita is played by two actresses (Carole Bouquet and Angela Molina) who express, as it were, the ice and the fire of the poor fellow's infatuation. For another, the film moves at dream jumps, with Conchita disappearing in a flash only to turn up in some quite unexpected spot and in some entirely unforeseen guise. And for a third parallel with that most distressing sort of anxiety dream, Mathieu is forever running but without advancing, always touching but never grasping that object of his desire. It might be decided that the picture is emerging from the subconscious of a man afflicted with the first intimations of impending impotence, that Conchita's behavior is obscure for the reason that Mathieu could not rally to it if it became explicit.

However, such speculation dulls the sparkle of Buñuel's wit and ridicule; I mention it, no doubt, because I despair of catching on paper the delight of that sparkle. The story unfolds as a long flashback during which Mathieu describes his recent amorous pilgrimage to a small group of fellow passengers bound from Seville to Paris in first-class accommodations. It is pleasant to see how readily these strangers assure one

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another that they have friends in common or at least live in the same neighborhood—all, that is, except a bearded and benevolent dwarf who enters as the train is on the point of leaving. And even here one makes a try—one of the others, I think it was Mathieu, says, "Didn't I see you the other afternoon at the bull fight?" To which the dwarf replies, with a smile designed to put everyone at ease, "I am not someone about whom you would easily be mistaken." This little man, it turns out, is a psychiatrist; he obliges with a running analysis of Mathieu's narrative.

The pursuit of Conchita occurs against a background of world disintegration—assassinations, kidnappings, bombings, holdups, rumors of plague. Of all this turmoil Mathieu is but remotely aware; the disasters, even those that explode in his presence, are muffled by the perturbations of his abused heart. And, of course, the triumph of this sustained jest is assured by the performance of Fernando Rey, that inspired jester. Impeccably tailored, possessed of the most fastidious manners, guided by a delicate tact, but withal manly in his passion and formidable in his righteous indignation, he makes of Mathieu a model of upper bourgeois poise (Louys's "pantin" translates as "puppet"). But across this face of affluent propriety, Rey passes in fleeting succession a visual vocabulary of surprise, dismay, craftiness, determination, confusion, embarrassment and hurt pride that strips Mathieu far more naked than Conchita ever consents to appear. And all done, you might say, without lifting an eyebrow (M. Rey's eloquence with cane and homburg is a matter for wonder).

That Obscure Object of Desire is hilarious and splendid—a salute to folly from an old man who has made that subject the study of a lifetime.

Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900*, shown at the Cannes Festival of 1976 in a version that ran five and a half hours, has been trimmed bit by bit through several versions to the film of four hours and five minutes now playing in New York. The several reductions were reportedly agreed to by the director (who had originally protested that the work could not possibly be cut), but even so I would like to have seen the uncut print, because my main objection to the movie is that it lacks form, and it is possible, though I think improbable, that its structure was destroyed by the excision of an hour and a half of footage. Its other fault, which cutting would not have affected one way or the other, is that it is pitched at a level of emotional extravagance recalling gaslight melodrama.

In any successful movie (for that matter, in any successful performance of whatever kind) there comes a moment when one senses that the director has his material in hand, knows where he is going with it and how he will get there. That is the point at which a movie "takes off," and it usually occurs soon after the locale is identified and the situation established. Since *1900*, despite the cuts, is still abnormally long, and since Bertolucci set himself a large canvas (to put it mildly: a three generation master-and-peasant chronicle that attempts to cover as well more than half a century of Italian history from the feudal days before World War I, through the postwar rise of fascism, to the day of liberation when Italy ceased to be a belligerent in World War II), one waits patiently for the shape and momentum of the film to assert themselves. One waits in vain.

The picture is a series of vignettes, often hyperactive and always didactic, bound together with quantities of excellent Italian rural landscape and earthy details of farm life. It is all assembled to preach one lesson: the poor are courageous, virtuous and powerless; the rich are craven, idle and powerful; and worst of all are the jackals who prey upon the poor to steal their way into power. So it is, so it has always been, and so it will be until the day of glory when we all join Marx in some better world. Amen.

Given a message that profound, one cannot expect much subtlety in the conveying of it, and the struggle between good and evil in Bertolucci's text is as one-dimensional black and white as the propaganda spectacles turned out by the entertainment factories of Communist China. The Fascist upstarts of *1900* (Donald Sutherland and Laura Betti) are

A WOMAN OF MY DESCRIPTION

In the sideshow, the mermaid,
her legs wedged into a tail,
numb where she wasn't cold, wept,
the salt souring her painted smile.
She wanted a drink badly, thinking
if the heart is a bottle,
it is also a leaking ship.
She thought of the ship,
the toy ship with salt ballast
and a handkerchief flag, that bobbed
in the tub of the archery booth.
Someone had split its sides last night.

Why didn't she leave?
I describe my own position.
Why don't I stay on
when what misery loves most is itself?
Love, *that clean linen,*
is too good a word for this.
Safety *comes closer, what these walls*
keep out, what they hold
in their stiff embrace.

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malignant to the point of absurdity; Gerard Depardieu, the peasant turned union organizer, is so resolutely pure he would make one of Jack London's Wobblies look dubious. And then there is Robert De Niro.

He plays the last of the *padrones* as though he had recently arrived from Brooklyn by way of Hollywood. He giggles and procrastinates, shows himself to be infinitely gullible and incurably conciliatory and appears to be deeply committed to the kind of characterization he does by instinct. In a word, he is too obviously Robert De Niro to play an Italian landowner of ancient lineage, whether that landowner is intended to be good, bad or morally indifferent.

There is also a cast of hundreds, most of them rustic eccentrics, but with a sufficient sprinkling of upper-class neurotics—and the lot of them, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, speaking English, most of it dubbed, all of it stilted. This grandiose sort of pamphleteering, waving red banners and chasing the enemies of the people with pitchforks went out of fashion forty years ago. Bertolucci attempts to freshen it up with some prepubescent eroticism, senile child molestation (Burt Lancaster offers a plausible, if sentimental, portrayal of a turn-of-century paternalistic tyrant), and a barrage of excremental adjectives, but it still reads like sadly outdated agitprop. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/ Nat Hentoff

Any jazz performance requires daring, but the necessary courage—or chutzpah—rises geometrically when a musician decides to improvise all alone for an entire album. Consider the pyramid of hazards: without a rhythm section, the improviser must continually swing—in midair. And if he should falter, the groove is broken. He is, in more ways than one, alone in time.

While doing a high-wire act on the rhythm line, the total soloist must also focus on such other kinetic concerns as melodic and harmonic lines, nuances of timbre, and the precise placing of silences for punctuation. Yet, despite these innumerable possibilities for self-exposure as embarrassment rather than achievement, one-man jazz ventures are increasing.

A thoroughly impressive example of unaided flight is *The George Lewis Solo Trombone Record* (Sackville/released through the nonprofit New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95th Street, New York, N.Y. 10025). In his mid-20s, Lewis has had his imagination stretched as a participant in the Association for the Advancement of Creative Music. Starting in Chicago, the AACM has become a mutually supportive testing ground for such increasingly influential black musicians as Muhal Richard Abrams and Anthony Braxton. Like their predecessors in American black music, these formidable improvisers are witnessing, as Abrams says, that "We are more than this country says we are."

George Lewis, while powerfully comfortable in the company of these explorers on the outer edge of the present jazz frontiers, is also swingingly at home in the Count Basie band, with which he has toured Europe. He is of a generation that does not hear by categories, and so his own music jauntily resists compartmentalization.

On the first side of *The George Lewis Solo Trombone Record,* he improvises his *Piece for Three Trombones* by overdubbing the parts. The rest is naked trombone. Although Lewis has acquired complete, easeful command of his instrument, he disdains emptily virtuosic displays. Throughout, as the old musicians used to put it, Lewis is always "saying something." The humor is both gruff and subtle, the moods bumptious and mysteriously gentling. A delicate, allusive player, Lewis also loves to gambol as if he were a time-sprung New Orleans tailgate trombonist tossing glissandi into the wind from the back of a parade truck.

As for his jazz time, the album is, on multi-layered grounds alone, a ceaseless marvel. One of the irreversible breakthroughs caused by Ornette Coleman, among others, in the late 1950s and early 1960s was the further releasing of jazz time. Coleman called it "spread rhythm—rhythm that has a lot of freedom in it, rather than the more conventional netted rhythm. With spread rhythm, you might tap your feet a while, then stop, then later start tapping again. Otherwise, you tap your feet so much, you forget what you hear. You just hear the rhythm."

In George Lewis's music, as with many younger jazzmen, you hear inside the rhythm; and the inside can seem bottomless—although the pulse is always felt, if not always heard.

Another unaccompanied performance of extraordinarily sustained inventiveness is *Leroy Jenkins/Solo Concert* (India Navigation Company, P.O. Box 559, Nyack, N.Y. 10960). Jenkins, another vital alumnus of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Music, later became one of the founders of the three-man Revolutionary Ensemble, at present the most fiercely absorbing chamber group in jazz.

Jenkins's solo concert was recorded at Washington Square Church in Greenwich Village, and it is unremittingly absorbing. For a sense of the scope and sources of his imaginative play, there are these descriptions by Jenkins of two of his pieces:

"*Opus/Supo* is named for the many hip walkers in the city. Improvisation using abstract melodies, prolonged space, inconsistent rhythms.

"*National Baptist Convention* is a theme inspired by . . . the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Chicago where I spent my childhood."

Jenkins is specific, metaphysical, dramatic, meditative, mordant, romantic. In incomplete sum, he is protean. His melodic inventiveness is the first compelling reason for attention to the album, and there is also his extraordinarily precise command of dynamics. And time. There is little to tap to, but the rhythms—often moving silently but always persistently felt in the microcosm of fire and ice that is Jenkins's domain—are like the tidal waves of dreams. □

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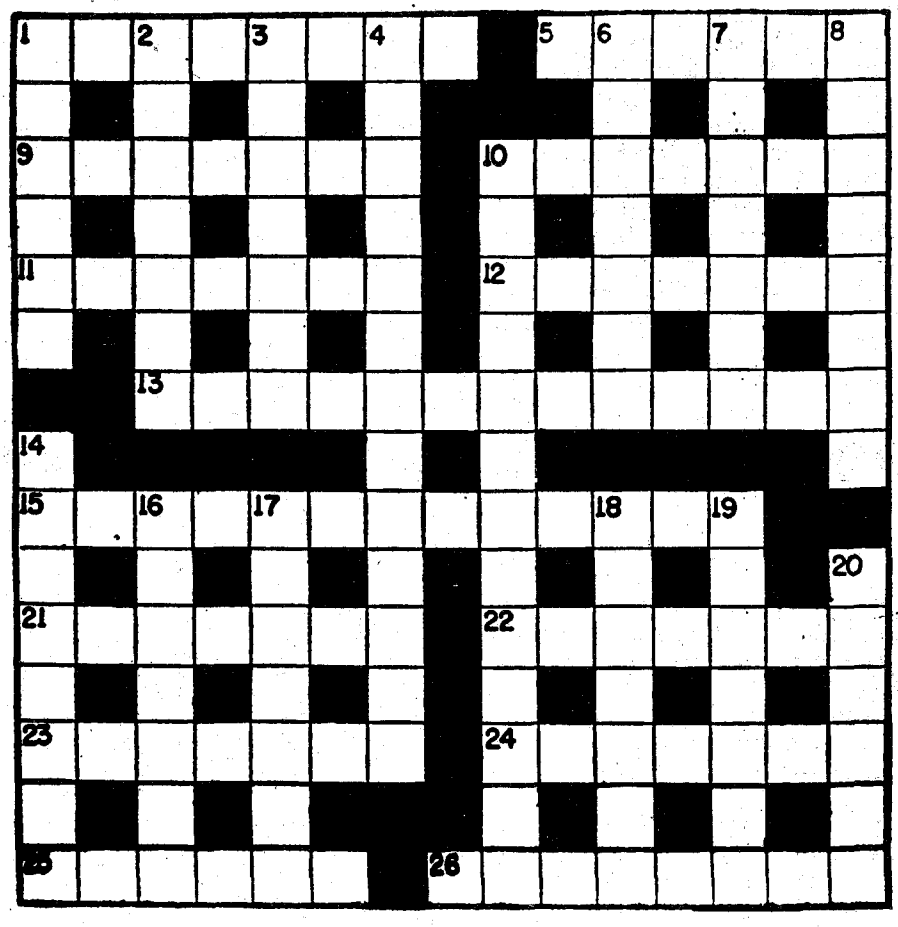
Crossword Puzzle No. 1703

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 20 What spectators rooting for the golf champ might hope to do? (It might presage a good shot.) (5,3,6)
5 How may one possibility? Rick makes it obvious. (6)
9 To fall behind in a sort of Reading institution? No wonder everyone gets excited. (3,4)
10 What they used to do to a baby to make it take short and awkward steps to some point. (7)
11 One is never accompanied by this. (7)
12 Embarrassed to be seen lying down around the remains? (7)
13 What one has, with a hellish price? (3,5, 2,3)
15 I'd par one possibility. (Sellers might hope for it.) (5,8)
21 Not huge in form, but it's one way to make things hard. (7)
22 Not necessarily the pronouncement of a churchman, reasoning this way. (1,6)
23 Persons sent on an undertaking. (7)
24 Flirted, in one way or another. (7)
25 You might expect to find one on the board, mainly. (6)
26 Fair maiden? Never! (8)

DOWN

1 Proving even one paw could be dangerous. (6)
2 Most like one in the saddle, as romancers say. (7)
3 One should have a healthy respect for it. (7)
4 The number of times a person gets intoxicated is of current importance. (4,9)
6 Early human and non-human life proved hard. (7)
7 This man is a potential officer, though certainly not stern. (7)
8 They used to be the working type, though they don't sound very strong. (8)
10 Possibly a whistle blower, but changes into a mattress. (13)
14 The right-sounding flyers were. (8)
16 Would the subject of one's investigation be deep? (One in the White House might be notorious.) (7)
17 Burst open. (7)
18 It might be one of several accounts. (7)
19 One of those little things Haley was looking for? (7)
20 See 1 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1702

ACROSS: 1 Feather duster; 9 Input; 10 Garibaldi; 11 Yorkist; 12 Focused; 13 Ounce; 14 Halloween; 16 Mystified; 18 Count; 19 Tattles; 21 Purlieu; 22 Early hour; 23 Elide; 24 Horse chestnut. DOWN: 1 Fairy godmother; 2 Aspirants; 3 Hittite; 4 Right; 5 Unruffled; 6 Tobacco; 7 Rules; 8 Wind instrument; 14 Hailstone; 15 Erudition; 17 Inlayer; 18 Curfews; 20 Torch; 21 Perch.

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